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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE'S ARGUMENT AGAINST THE RUHR OCCUPATION

It is difficult to summarize European press opinion upon the Ruhr occupation. Of course, German papers, including the German language press in the Austrian Succession States, are unanimously hostile, although Communist organs betray flashes of jubilation at the 'breakdown of capitalism' and the 'incapacity of the capitalist Governments' that the occupation is supposed to demonstrate. Sentiment in Italy, while resenting Bonar Law's abruptness at Paris, seems to be drifting toward resigned opposition to France's action. Spanish newspapers, which sometimes veer close to the same point of the compass as the British press, likewise condemn the 'new invasion,' although some Conservative papers are studiously objective in their comments. In France, of course, the Government has unanimous support, except from the Socialist press, and a few Radical-Pacifist publications. The same may be said of Belgium, with the qualification that a much larger proportion of the people there are Socialists, whose opposition to military measures is pronounced. We are not able to quote, except at second-hand, from the Polish press. The spontaneous sympathies of the people are with France. But the Polish mark has fallen in sympathy with the German mark, and Poland feels that her business interests are paying heavily for France's action. Moreover, she will be the first to suffer if a crisis arises in Germany that invites Russian intervention.

The Conservative Scandinavian papers deplore the effect of the occupation upon business, and the prospect of renewed social unrest, while the Socialist and Liberal-Labor press share the opposition to military action general among European workers.

British opinion seems less pessimistic than at first as to the effect upon business. The *Economist* points out that, while the French policy undoubtedly delays, perhaps indefinitely, Europe's return to normal trading conditions, business, like the eels in the frying pan, is gradually adjusting itself to currency anarchy and political chaos. British commerce and finance are learning to dispense with Continental custom to an extent hitherto believed impossible.

The *Daily Express* likens the British attitude toward France to that of the first Lord Holland, when his infant son, Charles Fox, announced his intention of smashing a valuable watch

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in order to set it going: 'Well, if you must, you must.' The Catholic *New Witness* observes that 'as is not uncommonly the case, the volatile Frenchman has stood firm, and the stolid Englishman has chopped and changed.' It recalls the khaki election, the indignation when Edith Cavell was shot and the Lusitania was sunk, and the subsequent swinging around to the ideas of Mr. Keynes, who is now that rather exceptional personage, a prophet with honor in his own country. The *Outlook*, which has been from the beginning viciously antagonistic to French policy, asks the French Government: —

> What has become of the twelve hundred million francs profit accruing since the Armistice from the sale of reparation coal? The question is not impertinent, in view of French denunciation of Germany for not restoring the devastated areas. . . . There exists in France a coal syndicate, similar to that German *Kohlensyndicat* which recently executed a strategic retreat to Hamburg. It is called the *Comité des Houillères*, and the magnates who control it have succeeded in selling, since the Armistice, 28,750,000 tons of reparation coal at an average price of 92.20 francs per ton. This coal has been credited by the Reparations Commission to Germany at 51.70 francs per ton. The difference represents that twelve hundred million francs concerning whose fate I am so curious.

Elsewhere its editor discusses the argument that France is merely exacting from Germany what Germany exacted from her in 1870, and draws this distinction between the two situations: —

> Had the French armies won the battles of the frontiers and crushed German resistance in that first autumn, this programme would have been carried out, amid the applause of the world. But France lost the opening campaign, was saved from defeat only by her Allies, and so the war dragged on through more than four years, during which the accumulated treasures of a century of productive work were dissipated by all the combatants. It became evident long before the Armistice that, in terms of economics, there could be no victory, but only degrees of defeat. France, not only during the war but since the Armistice, has found herself unable to realize this disagreeable truth; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the leaders of French politics have not dared to disillusion their people, nor does there exist in France a free and independent press to perform this important service for them.

Apparently the ex-soldiers of Great Britain, while sympathizing with France, do not endorse a policy of force. Their official organ, the *British Legion*, says in its New Year's number that the ex-service men of Europe

> are moving toward closer coöperation for the purpose of preserving peace and making the world safer for themselves and their wives and children to live in. . . .
>
> It is n't good enough to leave to-morrow to look after itself in our preoccupation with the anxieties of to-day. There are all sorts of people and peoples in the world who think that 'another little war would n't do them any harm.' Nor would it. There are little nations which look on war as their national industry; there are individuals for whom wars — in which they happily take no active part — are a profitable undertaking. The people who are thoroughly determined on a policy of 'never again' are those who have been through the hell of it. The establishment of real peace in the world is one of the first interests of the ex-service men in all countries.

Even in France several organizations have made the Ruhr occupation an occasion to protest against militarism. This theme was the topic of a meeting of the French section of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, which was addressed by several distinguished speakers, including Jane Addams.

Naturally, organized labor in France

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objects to the occupation. The Communists held a meeting at which their leader, Marcel Cachin, who has just been deprived of his immunity as a member of Parliament and indicted for antipatriotic agitation, was the principal speaker. A German woman speaker, from Berlin, denounced France's action, in her own language, as a 'capitalist coup.' She was received with a remarkably enthusiastic demonstration, but one of the ironies of the situation was that the only ones present who really understood her remarks were the *anciens combattants*, many of whom had learned German while prisoners of war.

The *Confédération Générale du Travail* and the *Ligue des Droits de l' Homme* held a joint meeting to protest against the occupation, which was attended by a well-dressed audience from the trade-union upper classes. The speakers denounced the occupation of the Ruhr as a 'crazy Government adventure,' declared that the true security of France lay in the growth of democracy in Germany, and argued that the present policy merely meant additional burdens for French taxpayers. While the Communists scoffed at the League of Nations, the Confederation of Labor believed that the best hope of peace lay in that body.

In Belgium, the Socialists of all complexions — who when united are the most powerful single party — oppose the occupation. Louis de Brouckere, writing in *Le Peuple*, the Labor organ of Brussels, ridicules its effectiveness:—

> The securities owned by Stinnes and men of his ilk are not in the Ruhr. They are deposited in neutral and Allied banks, especially in the magnificent palaces occupied by our own great financial institutions, which have been especially complacent to the little operations by which German multimillionaires have tucked away their shining dollars and pounds sterling, out of reach of the Reparations Commission. We do not need eighty-five thousand French troops and twenty-five hundred Belgian troops to collect that money — a police sergeant and a few patrolmen could do the job. . . . We Socialists are charged with having no constructive proposal to recommend in place of occupation. Admitting that, would not it be better to do nothing, than to make such obvious fools of ourselves? But we have a plan . . . difficult unquestionably, but at least businesslike. It will eventually secure definite Reparations, and is the only plan that will attain that object. At the same time, it promotes peace; and that is no mere coincidence. For peace means production, and without production — no Reparations.

The plan proposed by the Socialists is essentially that recommended by the American Government: to ascertain through an impartial inquiry how much Germany can pay, and then to help Germany raise this sum.

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THE PARIS PRESS

EXTERNALLY there has been comparatively little change in the Paris press since the period before the war. In general, its relations with the Government are much closer and more confidential than in the United States or in other European countries. The Maison de la Presse, or official French press and propaganda bureau, is competently managed.

Broadly, Paris journals may be grouped into those whose primary function is to provide news — *Petit Parisien*, *Matin*, *Journal*, *Petit Journal* — and political organs. *Petit Parisien*, the favorite paper of the middle classes, with readers in every part of France, has the largest circulation, something over one and a half millions. The most sensational of the Paris dailies is probably *Matin*, with a circulation ap-

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proaching one million. It is technically perhaps the best of the great dailies, and shares its news service with leading London papers. *Journal* is said to have close relations with President Millerand, and with French iron and steel magnates. *Petit Journal*, with a circulation of about one million, is owned by the former Minister of Reconstruction, Loucheur, who, like Hugo Stinnes in Germany, is now a great newspaper-proprietor as well as a great industrialist.

Among the party organs, the most important is *L'Écho de Paris*, the favorite newspaper of bureaucrats and army officers, with a circulation of over 200,000. The leading journals of the Right in this group are *Gaulois*, *Figaro*, *L'Action Française*, *Écho National*, *L'Éclair*, and the two very important evening papers, *Le Temps* and *Journal des Débats*. *Le Figaro*, under the direction of Alfred Capus, who died a few weeks ago, has been a very influential political organ in France, and gossip has it that its editorial chair is reserved for Poincaré whenever he desires to retire from politics. *L'Action Française*, an ultraconservative Orleanist paper, is edited by Léon Daudet, the obstreperous, versatile Royalist deputy, who also guides the fortunes of the semi-monthly *Revue Universelle*, though he is not its titular editor.

Le Temps, which is now sixty-two years old, occupies a position somewhat similar to that of the London *Times*, as a semiofficial mouthpiece of the Government, although it never has enjoyed quite the same prestige in France that its older contemporary has enjoyed in England. The *Journal des Débats*, a much more venerable daily founded one hundred and thirty-four years ago, has about half the circulation of *Le Temps*, or some fifty thousand. It is much read by the clergy, and maintains a high political and literary standard. Its editor, August Gauvain, is reputed to know the Orient better than any other French journalist.

Among the radical non-Socialist dailies, the most important is *Œuvre*, which probably has a much larger circulation than any of its conservative contemporaries. Caillaux's organ, *Ère Nouvelle*, also holds a respectable position in this group. A rising journal of the same class is *Le Quotidien*, which still has its fortunes to make.

Among the Socialist dailies, the best known is *Humanité*, founded by Jaurès. It is now the official organ of the Communists. As a result of the dissensions in the Socialist Party that have followed the attempts of Moscow to impose its will upon that organization, it is struggling with serious financial difficulties. The editorial control of this journal has recently been in dispute. In the future, it will be under the joint editorial direction of Marcel Cachin, an extremist now under indictment for agitation against the Government, and of two less prominent members of the Left Socialist wing. Half a dozen members of the staff have recently been summarily dismissed on the ground that they have been too friendly to the Socialist Centre.

Populaire, formerly more radical than *Humanité*, is the organ of Jean Longuet, and now represents the moderate Socialists.

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THE SCHOOL AND THE STATE

La Escuela Nueva, a new educational journal published in Mexico City, makes its bow to the public with a leader arguing that Mexican education should be primarily cultural. But it should promote democratic culture, and not the culture hitherto fostered by Mexico's schools, which have produced 'a very small intellectual social group that calls itself "select."'

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Culture that seeks to create a small privileged class, that expresses itself in the refinement of a few individuals, that mainly serves to beguile the time of the rich and idle, that stamps a caste mark upon a social class or a family, is a culture that breeds discord in the heart of the nation, weakens patriotism, engenders a spirit of rebellion, and sows the seed of the interminable disorders of which we are the unhappy victims.

At the seventh annual meeting of the British Historical Association, held in Exeter last month, the relation of the school to propaganda was a hotly debated question. The same theme has been eagerly discussed in Germany ever since the war. According to the *Manchester Guardian's* report of this meeting, —

Not a single person urged a full-blooded and hearty following of history propaganda such as that of the Pan-Germanists, and it was pointed out that, however Prussian boys might carry into their lives opinions taught them in the classroom, British boys were of very different temper. The worst and the best of schoolboy nature combined to defeat propaganda in the classroom. The natural antagonism of pupil to teacher and the love of fairness, deep-seated in British youth, made any reckless partisanship unprofitable as well as immoral. There is no more certain way of making your views unpopular than by ramming them authoritatively down your pupils' throats. If you encourage the teaching of one-sided patriotism you must give a similar liberty to those who would maintain that their country was always wrong.

There was an impressive warning of the dangers of a 'proletarian propaganda' that refused to hear the other side and desired the exclusive cultivation of a history that dwelt exclusively on the lurid horrors of the past. If any propaganda be allowed, there must be propaganda all round. By laying stress on certain sides of history a colorable case may be made out for almost anything.

A ripple of disillusioned humor riposted to an incidental suggestion that the teachers were hired by the capitalist classes to preach the divine right of property and tradition. The general feeling was that history teaching in school and university alike should be free from propaganda and as impartial as the teacher can make it.

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MEMEL

LITHUANIA'S invasion of Memel, the tiny strip of territory and town at the mouth of the river of that name, is ascribed by *Le Figaro*, and by the French press in general, to German machinations. Memel is said to have served, for the past two years or more, as a smuggling centre for munitions sent into Russia via Lithuania. Poland aspires to the possession of the port, and last April concluded an agreement with the High Commissioner of the League of Nations, temporarily in possession, opening it to Polish trade. This action was resented by Esthonia and Lettland, as well as by Lithuania. Russia immediately seized this opportunity to associate herself with the Baltic States and Finland, to defeat any project Poland might entertain to secure permanent possession of this district.

Neue Zürcher Zeitung, which represents neutral opinion, with possibly a slight German shading, condemns Lithuania's action as a continuation of the arbitrary tactics that have kept Europe unsettled ever since the Armistice. The German press, far from welcoming Lithuania's move, resents it as an attempt to seize unjustly territory that properly belongs to East Prussia, just at a time when Germany is preoccupied with the French occupation of the Ruhr.

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THE CITY OF THE FUTURE

La Grande Revue of Paris has continued through several issues a series of articles upon the city of the future, consisting principally of replies re-

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ceived from eminent architects, municipal engineers, and city improvers in France, to inquiries addressed them by the art editor. The discussion centres around the physical aspects of the coming city, rather than its social organization. It is predicted that it will group around three centres: the church, the town hall, and the people's palace — *la Maison de Tous.* The latter is conceived as the home 'of all activities designed to coördinate, stimulate, and adorn community life.' Concretely, the purpose of the forces centring here will be to foster the physical and moral welfare of the individual, to promote his intellectual and moral education, and to provide him with recreation. Such a centre would contain dispensaries, free clinics, milk stations, agencies to combat alcoholism and tuberculosis, public baths and gymnasiums, theatres, concerts, libraries, lectures, parks, and refreshment rooms.

This structure, or group of structures, the town hall, and the church, should be buildings architecturally worthy to express the highest ideals of the community.

A specialist describes in detail the best arrangement, design, and construction of public markets in different European cities. Another specialist emphasizes the importance of public kitchens, whose function should be not only to furnish clean and wholesome food at moderate prices, but also to serve meals amid artistic surroundings, since the environment in which we receive our food is an important factor in our physical well-being. There is also a discussion on tenement-house reform, model schools, school luncheons, library administration, and municipal theatres.

The inquiry was suggested by the movement to rebuild the cities in the devastated regions in accordance with the most advanced plans for municipal improvement.

AN INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES

In his recent volume of reminiscences, the German Crown Prince observes that the long struggle before Verdun had one remarkable result. 'Our forces were self-purged of their poorer material. Whatever was rotten and worm-eaten vanished into the enemy's prison camps. What remained with us was the solid core.'

This statement brought a quick rebuke from the Nuremberg Ex-War Prisoners' Association, from which we quote only a few of the gentler-spoken sentences: —

> None of these men hung back from the post of danger like a coward, or deserted to Holland as soon as things got hot. All of them stood at their posts to the last moment; while not a single member of the staff or of the retinue of their supreme commander was captured by the enemy. The men who were taken prisoners were the men in the front trenches. We assert that all that was rotten and worm-eaten, to use your language, was behind the front, on headquarters and staff duty.

MINOR NOTES

Avanti, the official organ of the Italian Socialist Party, formerly edited by Mussolini himself, whose printing office has been twice wrecked by the Fascisti within less than a year, has again appeared after an enforced retirement from active publication for several weeks. While recognizing the temporary prostration of the Socialist cause 'under the duress of violence,' *Avanti* warns the 'pseudo-insurrectionist Government' that its methods of reparation are sure to produce a speedy reaction.

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WHY ENGLAND AND FRANCE PART

BY J. A. SPENDER

[*Mr. Spender, the editor of the* Westminster Gazette, *is one of the best-known Liberal writers on foreign affairs and public questions in Great Britain.*]

From the *Westminster Gazette, January* 8
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

THERE are two sharply contrasted views of the present position and conduct of Germany. Our view is roughly that the German payments must with insignificant exceptions consist of the exportable surplus of German goods which remains after the necessary imports of food and raw material have been paid for; that Germany has never since the war had a true exportable surplus and that the attempt to make her pay in advance of her producing such a surplus has compelled her to dilute her currency, destroyed the mark, and produced the present situation for which the only remedy is a moratorium and the scaling-down of the sum demanded to a moderate figure within her capacity to pay.

It is not denied in the British thesis that the Germans have muddled their finance or that some of them have attempted to place their wealth beyond reach of the Allies, but it is maintained that the best finance and the straightest dealing could not in the circumstances have greatly affected the result. For example, heavier taxation, if it could have been imposed, would have been more likely to discourage than to stimulate the foreign trade upon which — on this theory — the payment of Reparations must depend.

To the vast majority of Frenchmen this seems to be pure pro-Germanism. They insist passionately that the Germans are fraudulent bankrupts who have deliberately inflated their currency in order to avoid payment, and that they have been enabled and encouraged to do this by the weakness of the Allies, and will only begin to act fairly when the Allies stand together, speak firmly, and show that they mean what they say when they threaten sanctions in default of payment. It is further almost universally believed in France that the German industrials have transferred vast sums of money abroad, — French newspapers speak confidently of a thousand millions sterling, — and the demand, therefore, goes up that this should be seized for the Reparations Account, or, if that proves impossible, that any further outflow should be stopped by seizing the Customs and intercepting this fugitive wealth.

According to the British thesis, the amount of this exported capital is very much less than the French suppose, — Mr. McKenna, if I remember rightly, put it at £200,000,000, — and, since a large part of it forms the credit on which Germany trades abroad, its seizure, if it could be seized, would extinguish German foreign trade and make an end of Reparations. To the average Frenchman all these arguments seem mere sophistications. Germany, he insists, is a very rich country; the wealth is there, and, if the Germans won't deliver it, we must go in and fetch it. We must, as M. Poincaré said

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in the Chamber, '*chercher les richesses où elles réellement sont*' — 'search their pockets,' as Mr. Lloyd George used to say.

Next there is the argument from right and justice, to which, in the French view, economics must and ought to conform. It would be monstrous and unthinkable that France, the victim of an outrageous aggression, should be compelled to pay her own costs at the end of a victorious war; and, bad as the government of the universe may be, it cannot be as bad as all that. France has raised £1,600,000,000 'on German account' for the restoration of the devastated areas since the war, and, if the Germans could n't pay, she would be compelled to tax her own people in ways that no French Government has ever dreamed of or would ever dare propose.

If the Germans did really default, justice would require that the reconstruction of these devastated areas should be a common charge to the Allies. France lent her country for a common defense against the enemies of civilization. It was a geographical accident which exposed her to the full fury of an assault which was not upon her alone, but upon all the Allies. Having lent her territory as the battleground, she ought not, if the Germans are unable to pay, to be left to repair the damage at her own cost.

If France holds this view about Reparations, it may be imagined what she feels about international debts. The notion that, in addition to repairing the devastated areas at her own cost, she should be asked to repay her Allies for munitions and material contributed 'to the common cause' during the war seems to her the climax of exorbitancy and injustice, and frankly she has no notion of doing anything of the kind. If the money can be recovered from Germany, well and good; and in that case the Allies will be welcome to it. But, if Germany does n't pay or can't pay, then the argument of France will be that the Allies owe *her* money for the repair of the devastated areas, rather than her owing *them* money for her expenditure during the war.

Here we get to the ultimate deadlock on the question of international indebtedness. France, holding these views, will not permit the total of the demand on Germany to be scaled down, unless at the same time the demands of Britain and America on her are proportionately reduced. She will not be left with any liability toward them which is not covered by her claim upon Germany. Thus, if her nominal debt to Britain and America is £2,000,000,000, and her Reparations cost is £1,600,000,000, she will insist that the total of her claim upon Germany — apart from that of the other Allies — is not reduced below £3,600,000,000. For this reason, as we saw last year, the Balfour Note was fatal to the attempt to fix the total of the demand on Germany at any moderate figure; and if Mr. Bonar Law were to insist that we can do nothing, because America will do nothing, it would still be fatal.

French newspapers generally use more civil language to America than they do to us; but if you talk to Frenchmen you will find extreme bitterness about the American view that Europe must first settle Reparations before America will consent to talk about international debts. For it is, in the Frenchman's eyes, precisely the American attitude which makes it impossible to fix the claim on Germany at what the Anglo-Saxons think to be a moderate figure. If this were done, France would be left without remedy or resource to meet a huge claim from America — let alone Great Britain — and she has not the smallest intention of putting herself in that position.

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So on these lines the vicious circle is complete. France will not permit her claim on Germany to be reduced, unless there is a simultaneous reduction of American and British claims on her; and America will not consider the reduction of her claims until France has first reduced her claims on Germany. We ought to, and, I hope, will, offer every sort of accommodation; but while America remains aloof there seems to be little chance of the demand on Germany being brought down to the point within her capacity to pay, which is the condition of raising a loan on German credit. Yet this loan is the one practical remedy for France, which will be very seriously inconvenienced, to put it no higher, by a moratorium which deprives her of all chance of obtaining cash for two or three years to come.

Broadly, it may be said that, whereas the English people have resigned themselves to the grim fact that after a devastating war the vanquished are not in a position to pay more than a small fraction of the victors' costs, the French are still in vehement protest against it. The taxation which is the practical result of this recognition of facts is so out of line with all their habits and thoughts that their statesmen deem it impossible to propose or recover; and, so far as I know, French politicians have no ideas to meet the situation if the Germans fail to pay, or pay only the comparatively little the Anglo-Saxon economists think possible after long delay.

The English analysis of the situation, with its careful distinction between transferable and nontransferable wealth, and its insistence on the earning of the 'exportable surplus,' makes no impression on the ordinary Frenchman. He is persuaded that the wealth is there and can be got if proper means are taken to get it; and the danger of the situation is that the combating of this belief, or even plain disproof of it, produces not, as in England, a sombre acquiescence in the inevitable, but wrath and passion, and a determination to get even with the Boche.

The Frenchmen who tell me that there is no imperialism or militarism in France are in a sense quite right. The last thing the average Frenchman wants is a call to the colors or a renewal of fighting. The horror of war is as strong in France as in any other European country at the present time. But Frenchmen do want German money, and, if they fail to get it, it is impossible to say what passions may be rekindled. Nor would this analysis be complete, if one did not add that there is a small but very persistent party which sees in this situation an opportunity of recovering the ground which it considers to have been lost when the idea of dismembering Germany and annexing up to the Rhine was abandoned in 1919. Behind everything is a very genuine alarm of what may be in store for France fifty years hence if Germany is left as an organized unit with her growing population and the plant of her industry and her immense potential resources unimpaired.

There is not yet enough in France of the international mind to seek security through the League of Nations, nor enough prudence to refrain from exasperating Germany for fear of the future. In the present mood the Dariac plan, which claims at one and the same time to be able to get money out of Germany and to place German industry under disabilities which will disarm it for future mischief and disintegrate the economic unity of the country, has a fatal fascination for some French minds.

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THE GREAT CORNER IN GOLD

BY CHARLES PERCIVAL ISAAC

[*Mr. Isaac is the author of a recent book that has received much notice in England, entitled,* The Menace of Money Power.]

From the *English Review, January*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

SOME twenty years ago an American millionaire named Leiter gained notoriety by an attempt to corner the world's wheat supply. Unfortunately for him and fortunately for the world, the attempt failed. Social moralists did not neglect to dwell upon the inequity of trying to hold the food of the masses to ransom. The economists did not, however, draw any lesson from the event, but have allowed it to fade from memory as merely a sensational incident due to the caprice, lust for gain, or overweening ambition of one man.

Mr. Leiter's bid for control failed because his cash resources were insufficient and gave out when they were most needed. To-day the world faces a situation akin to the above, but vastly different in its development and its scope. Slowly but insistently a corner is being made, not in the world's wheat, but in the cash resources themselves. The situation is not the result of the arbitrary will of an individual, not of a sudden and impulsive bid for a quick profit, but of a continuous policy on the part of the financial machine of one of the world's greatest nations. How far the process has gone can be judged from the fact that the American financial system has already acquired 44 per cent of the world's gold and within a year will, at the same rate, have in its possession over one half of the total store.

It is generally assumed, as a matter upon which there need be no discussion, that this abnormal state of the world's finance has arisen out of the war, and that a countercurrent will shortly show itself, resulting in a better distribution. The view is, moreover, commonly held on this side of the Atlantic that America is so glutted with gold that she herself would gladly get rid of the unwanted surplus if she could find a practicable means of so doing. As this view is shared by men of financial standing in England, it is entitled to some respect, although the reasons given in support of it are somewhat scanty.

It is, indeed, to be presumed that the financiers of America would hardly continue over any length of time in a course of conduct that was harmful to themselves; yet, notwithstanding that America has been 'glutted with gold' for the last three years, one observes with some surprise that further imports are being made. Indeed, the only purchasers of gold at present are America and India, and the former secures the major portion.

It is not too clear upon whose account gold is still being bought for America, but it seems from such indications as appear in the financial press that a fair proportion of it is engaged for import by the firm of Morgan and the Federal Reserve Board. As it is so extraordinary that these two important institutions should continue in

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a course of business that, from the viewpoint of English financial writers, is unprofitable, one is prompted to look at the matter more closely.

Every Briton is reared in at least one belief, namely, that London is the financial centre of the world. The belief entails the acceptance of the idea that the world's financial system is centralized. That London is the centre is the conclusion drawn from the fact that the greatest trade in foreign bills of exchange is and has been for many years carried on there. Business in foreign bills is, however, only one phase of finance, and its prevalence in London may be due to the purely geographical fact that London is in close propinquity to the Continent. If we try to determine the centre of the financial system from other indications we arrive at a different conclusion.

The world's financial system has certain general results. It leads to the accumulation of enormous fortunes by a favored few, to the formation of trusts, to periodical crises, and to the centralization of gold with the central banks of issue. The most striking manifestations of these four aspects of modern finance are not to be found in the accepted centre. Before the war America possessed the world's greatest multimillionaires. It still does so. The modern trust-system is making great headway in England at the present time, but it had its origin in America and it has there reached a pitch of development not yet attained in England. The mere fact that trusts have never become a political issue in these islands, while general elections have been fought on them in the United States, shows how much more resented is the power possessed by the American combinations. With regard to the third criterion, it is to be observed that, while London was not challenged by the rivalry of American finance, the world's greatest crises took place in England, but since 1890 financial crises have been more pronounced in New York than here. In 1893 and 1907 America was the centre of the storm, while the post-war stringency reached its most acute stage across the Atlantic. An analogy may be made with a centralized telephonic system in which, for some reason, a huge number of calls are made. In such circumstances it would naturally be expected that the greatest pressure would be felt at the central exchange.

As to the accumulation of gold stores, the belief that the American situation is solely the outcome of the war will not stand confrontation with the facts of the pre-war period. In July 1914, American gold stores had reached £398,000,000, while the English stock was only £38,000,000. In the years from 1880 to 1914, the gold stocks of America had increased almost sixfold, those in England less than twofold, those in France and Germany just over twofold. The additions to the French and German stores were largely influenced by the deliberate policy of their Governments, adopted in 1906, to build up a huge reserve in case of war. The American gold store was under no such influence, yet it increased out of all proportion to those of other countries.

From the above considerations it is necessary to reëxamine the doctrine that England is the world's financial centre and to ask ourselves whether the flow of gold to America is an entirely untoward post-war phenomenon which will be rectified by a natural reaction in a short time. The view frequently expressed in English financial papers that America is injuring herself by her accumulated store finds little echo in America. The supporters of this view hold that the increasing gold stocks must be used to give further credits to industry, or must lie idle. In the latter

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case they are merely unproductive wealth, representing a dead loss of revenue. In the former case, the additional credits will operate as an inflation of purchasing capacity, increasing both prices and wages, and America will enter into a period similar to that experienced from 1915 to 1919, with the important exception that the world will not be clamoring for her products regardless of cost.

The dangers of such secondary inflation have already been faced and discussed at length in the periodical reviews of industry issued by the American banks, and it is worthy of note that none of the banking institutions of that country shows the same concern about the future as its British counselors show on its behalf. While anticipating that some rise in wages and prices may take place, American banks by no means despair of their ability so to furnish credits to industry that trade will benefit instead of being prejudiced. Moreover, they are rather prone to congratulate themselves upon the extraordinarily sound position of American finance and the prospects of industry in the future than to indulge in the self-commiseration one would expect to see.

Nor is this only 'window-dressing,' a term that one has learned to associate with modern banking. Frank A. Vanderlip, in his broad and able survey of the world's problems, outlined in his recently published book, *What Next in Europe?* lays stress upon the strength of the American financial system and the ease with which Europe could be furnished with credits.

The divergence between the views of the American financiers and their English advisers is so marked that the question is worthy of consideration from a different angle.

It is evident that, given a stationary amount of industry in a country, a certain amount of gold will suffice to furnish currency and credit to enable that trade to be carried on. Any further increase in gold, assuming no expansion in trade, would merely result in a lessened efficiency in use. The American financial institutions do not, be it said, look forward to a stationary volume of internal trade, but anticipate a big increase in industry in the near future. There is, however, another aspect of the question that is somewhat lost to sight in dealing with the problem, though it affects Europe more profoundly than does the internal trade of America.

The economic processes of a nation are only the sum total of the economic actions of the corporations and individuals within the nation. To ascertain to what use a nation will put its surplus cash resources we must ask ourselves to what use those firms usually put them that are fortunate enough to possess them, and what happens to those firms that are unfortunate enough to have an inadequacy of cash resources.

No student of industry during the present prolonged period of stringency can have failed to observe that a company's position cannot be properly appraised by a mere comparison of assets with liabilities. The reports of the directors frequently emphasize the difference in relative importance of what are unscientifically termed fixed and liquid assets. A plain-minded man might be excused for thinking that the fixed assets of an oil company were its pipelines, while its liquid assets were its stocks of oil. He would soon find that that was not the case.

It is a pity that economists and industrialists should despise straightforward and definite terms and indulge in picturesque and misleading symbols. The up-to-date accountant well knows that, of a firm's assets, certain are more important than others, and in the bal-

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ance sheet he arranges the assets in the order in which they can be realized. An analysis of the balance sheets of modern companies will show that the assets, when so arranged, fall naturally into four classes: (1) cash and marketable securities: (2) material, either raw, semimanufactured, or manufactured; (3) real capital (machines, buildings, and so forth); (4) such assets as good-will and patent rights. They can be correctly named, respectively, financial, material, capital, and intangible assets, and the order is that of their importance from the point of view of credit.

It is common knowledge that, in times of stringency, the intangible assets lose a great deal of their market value, that the capital assets may lie idle and can only be sold at a great loss, that the material assets can only be marketed with difficulty, and that the credits issued by the banks upon them are restricted. In such times a company's solvency is largely determined by the amount of its financial assets.

I have before me the report of an industrial company which laments that, though its properties are intrinsically sound, yet it is obliged, owing to its lack of cash or suitable securities upon which to obtain bank credits, to mortgage its properties by the issue of debentures at the somewhat crushing rate of ten per cent. Another company, hitherto a constant dividend-payer, and showing a fair profit for the past year, regrets that, owing to the necessity of conserving its cash resources, it must forgo its dividend. These cases are not at all isolated, but are a fair representation of the state of industrial companies since the financial depression. It appears, therefore, that in times of stringency a company short of financial assets must mortgage its future productivity, and that a company with a sufficiency of financial assets must conserve them for future emergencies.

As a result of our present financial system, certain companies have come to the front in increasing strength and numbers in recent years that possess only one of the types of assets mentioned above. They have no materials, no real capital of their own at all, nor do they show any intangible assets in the shape of good-will or otherwise. They have only financial assets, cash or investments in other concerns, and are known as financial trusts or holding companies.

If industrial companies are penalized by shortage of financial assets, it is only to be expected that companies whose entire assets are financial in nature will be in a favorable position.

A reference to the recently issued reports of such companies shows this to be the case. They congratulate themselves on having exchanged their investments in declining concerns for holdings in concerns that are recovering, with the result that their position is greatly strengthened. There is nothing remarkable in this; it is obvious that, in a period of depression followed by recovery, the inner knowledge accessible to holding companies allows their directors to sell out and buy in in advance of the private investor. Moreover, they are under no such constraint to conserve large cash surpluses as are industrial companies, since they can always obtain the cash they require by raising credit upon their marketable securities. They can therefore more readily employ their surplus resources to obtain a further holding in industrial companies.

If, however, a company's prospects are bound up with its financial assets more closely than with its other assets, it follows that the nation with the greatest amount of such assets is favorably placed in relation to other na-

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tions, although the latter may possess equally good capital and material assets. The financial assets can be used to acquire holdings in industrial companies either at home or abroad. Such a nation is therefore in a favorable position to purchase control of foreign concerns.

That the American financier is not behind his English compeer in his knowledge of this branch of economics is amply demonstrated by the fact that the system of financial trusts, or holding companies, has reached a much more advanced stage of development in America than here. It must be sufficiently clear to the financiers who control America's destiny that the glut of gold from which that country is alleged to be suffering can easily be removed by using the surplus gold to obtain a hold on foreign industries when the time comes.

From the point of view of the rest of the world that time has already arrived. Governments are inundating New York with requests for loans. Industrial companies in Europe, the West Indies, South America, and elsewhere are short of funds and would gladly obtain them from the United States; but, far from the American financiers being prepared to lend, they are showing themselves extremely coy, except in cases in which they can lend the money on their own terms.

The law of supply and demand, which we have been taught to reverence, seems here to fail signally. If there is a glut of goods in the market, the supply is held to be in excess of the demand and the price must fall. There is, we are told, a glut of gold in America. If there be any meaning in the statement, America should be willing to supply that gold and those requiring it should be able to obtain it for the asking. Somewhere or other, however, the theory or its application goes all wrong. America not only holds the gold, but comes into the open market and buys still more, leaving the outside world to carry on with inadequate supplies.

The world is confronted with a serious situation. Economists and reformers have supinely accepted the theory that trusts and the centralization of financial interests are the natural results of industrial development. In so far as they form a mental image of the process at all, they picture to themselves a number of trusts spread with a certain evenness of distribution among the industrial countries. Such an image is a distortion of facts. America is, and has always been, far ahead of England in the development of trusts; and, although trustification has proceeded, up to the present, largely upon national lines, its future development threatens to ignore all political frontiers. The interests that will acquire the dominant hold over the international trusts of the future are those that control the greatest quantity of financial assets. It follows, therefore, that the supposed glut of gold in America gives her financiers an advantage over all rivals in the coming struggle for world control of industry.

The reader will be justified in asking how the centralization of gold and of industrial control arose. The question finds its answer in the study of financial history. Certain financial theorists succeeded, in the early days of financial ignorance, in gaining acceptance for the doctrine that, while the free supply of commodities should not be hindered by governmental interference, the free supply of credit is a vice that must on no account be tolerated. These theorists have been responsible for the creation of an artificial system of banking operating round central banks of issue. Such a system can, by its very nature, only be centripetal, and it is not surprising that its centralizing tenden-

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cies should show themselves more and more as the system proceeds.

Stuckey, a very shrewd West Country banker, predicted that, if a single bank were given sole power of note-issue in England, gold would leave the provinces and come to London. Had he been in a position to foresee that the world would adopt the same theory, he might have added that the gold would not stop at London, but would tend to go to the centre of the centripetal system. His prophecy would have been truer to fact than the picturesque dissertations of the accepted financial experts of to-day.

LATIN-AMERICAN DISUNITY

BY ALEJANDRO SUX

[*Manuel Ugarte is one of the best-known Spanish-American authors and publicists. He has devoted his life chiefly to advocating not only the cultural, but also the political, union of Latin America. A thoughtful article by him, entitled, 'Latin-American Revolutions,' appeared in the* Living Age *of December* 16, 1922. *The writer of the present letter is an Argentino.*]

From *Nuestra America, October*
(Buenos Aires Political and Literary Monthly)

Your volume of addresses, *Mi Compaña Hispano-Americana*, reached my humble desk at a time when I was, so to speak, in intellectual retreat. You know better than most people the solace and strength we draw from these parentheses of repose. Distance and time are also balsam to our souls, and likewise fountains of serenity and wells of truth. The tumult of daily life is a bad counselor. Therefore I rejoice that your book reached me in the moment I describe. You say in one passage: —

'My trip was a quixotism such as only youth and humble people understand. It seemed a puerile adventure to mature and calculating men.'

Are then our mature and calculating men or our youth and common people right? We are a young race, and to us all that is quixotic wears a peculiar halo, which we instinctively reverence and applaud. But our applause is no more than fireworks, as you have learned from bitter experience. What remains of the noisy and triumphant greetings that saluted you on your pilgrimage through our twenty Latin Republics, when you were lauded justly as an incarnation of our spirit, of the soul of our people? Hardly a memory.

I know here at Paris young men who cheered you frantically when you spoke of Spanish-American union, fraternity, liberty. To-day these same young men declare that we must bow to the inexorable laws of history — that what you advocate may be grand and glorious, but will not divert fate from her appointed course. Those young men, to be sure, were students when you visited their tropical homes. They were then immersed in the atmosphere of our race. To-day they are graduates; some are lawyers, others doctors,

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others professors, and still others diplomats. Some are citizens of vast republics, others of tiny insular and isthmian countries. But all are ambitious and athirst with greed for place and power. Their ideals crystallize in the phrase: 'Make money,' or 'Be somebody.' Now for him who would make money or be somebody, your quixotic ideal is inconvenient. Money is easier made in a small country where an ambitious youth can become somebody very quickly — above all, if he has relatives who are already 'somebody.'

A sad confession! But such is the ambition of every Latin American the day after he receives his university diploma. Fatherland? Liberty? Race? And we must add to these unworthy motives the skepticism our middle classes derive from French and German literature, which voices the disillusionment of older nations and the scientific fatalism of men whose minds have become mere analytical machines. Have we a Latin-American ideal? No. Our ambition is petty, trifling. Often it merely prepares the way for future idleness. You know how Creole fortunes are acquired in America — how our prosperous business men sell out to foreign corporations for a handful of silver. Why work longer if we are already rich?

And politics? Are they more than a ladder to reach quick and questionable fortunes or gratification of that thirst for power that is endemic from Cape Horn to the Rio Bravo?

'I am the Government!' exclaims the illiterate border-patrol on the Rio Plata, fancying his uniform and police whistle are as mighty as an ermine robe and a sceptre.

'I order!' says the President of Venezuela, convinced that his Presidential ribbon has all the attributes of the crown of the Tsars.

The Constitution? The Law? The Bill of Rights? Ah, every one of our twenty Republics has an admirable constitution, but . . .

Meanwhile our lack of civic spirit, our chaos of petty greed and belittling passions, are confronted by a nation composed of many nationalities, but filled with one ambition. What positive programme have we Latin Americans to meet the formidable declaration that a Washington Senator prints at the head of his book: 'The Stars and Stripes will wave over all Latin America as far as Tierra del Fuego, the only boundary that the ambition of our race recognizes'? Monroe gave us a catchy, but ambiguous, motto: 'America for the Americans.' Sáenz Peña capped it with his fine quixotism: 'America for Humanity.' To every battleship, to every locomotive, to every factory, to every railway-line of the Anglo-Saxons, we reply with a poem that is quoted in our press from the northern to the southern extremity of the continent, and recited enthusiastically in the gatherings of our young men. God forbid that I should say a slighting word of poetry, but the poetry of to-day is something different. The romanticism of fifty years ago — so newly arrived among us — is but an antiquated evil in an age where steel and will power and vast ambitions and gigantic achievements rule the world.

Our patriotic sentiments? Pure decoration! We can have no true patriotism unless we are proud of our country; and you know that when our educated youth are in Europe they invariably try to pass for Spaniards whenever circumstances prevent their passing for citizens of the United States. To be sure they may, in a crisis of enthusiasm, make the roof ring with their national hymn, and flourish the banner of their Republic. Our rich *hacendados* may wear their national colors in their buttonholes when they parade with

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vacuous complacency through the ballrooms and sumptuous cafés of Europe. But if you ask one of these patriots to aid a national enterprise, to purchase by preference a native product, to help an artist compatriot, to join in making a success of some local undertaking — you know what happens! And are not the worst enemies of a certain great Spanish-American country those of its own citizens who do not agree with the present Government? Has a single political party in any one of our Republics hesitated to seek foreign military aid, in order to gain power? To be sure, this phenomenon is not confined to Spanish America. Folly is the common heritage of our race. What did the French émigrés do in 1789? What are the Russian exiles doing to-day?

A distinguished Nicaraguan physician once said to me: 'Consider my situation. I had just finished my professional studies after several years in Paris. My family had made enormous sacrifices to help me set up in practice at León. And what happened? At a time when we never dreamed of such a thing, a revolution broke out and — *pataplum!* Farewell clients, farewell my office. I barely escaped with my life. Is it not better for the Yankees to keep order so long as we are incompetent to do so? Without order, nothing is possible: commerce, industry, or a liberal profession.'

Have n't you heard the same language more than once in America?

This is, in my modest opinion, the basis of all our Spanish-American troubles. We lack patriotism in the higher sense of the word; naturally I mean a Continental-Latin patriotism, not petty, provincial patriotism based on eloquent speeches, theatrical ceremonies, papier-mâché heroes, and tinsel glories.

You well say in the preface of your volume: 'Thus there arose a confused mosaic of autonomous Republics, superimposed upon the old colonial boundaries traced by Spain, and often determined by the petty feuds of minor officers and partisan leaders — Republics whose existence in many instances was justified by neither political nor geographical considerations. This was what we might call the feudal epoch in our America, because these petty states were born of the personal pride and dominating spirit of a few individuals.'

On the other hand, in your address to the workingmen of San Salvador, you asserted that the national banner is no fanciful symbol, no mere combination of colors, no strip of patterned cloth. . . . Yes, my dear Ugarte, throughout our America, speaking Spanish from the Mexican frontier to the South Pole, every banner is no more than a strip of patterned cloth, precisely because that for which it stands is a mere capricious detail in the 'confused mosaic of autonomous Republics . . . born of the personal pride and dominating spirit of a few individuals.'

Why do we not recognize that we are at heart one nation, in spite of all our green, red, and blue banners? Italy, before the days of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, likewise had many banners, and, more than that, many kings, and dukes, and princes, and a Pope — aye, and many dialects that would to-day be distinct languages had she not political and territorial unity. Moreover, every country in Europe without exception has passed through the same experience as Italy. But we already have the same history, religion, blood, and mentality. What then prevents the federation of our twenty sister Republics? You have an answer in the abortive attempt in Central America: 'the personal pride and dominating spirit of a few individuals,' and the cowardice, the ignorance, and the herd instinct of certain peoples.

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My dear friend, your tour was quixotic to-day; but it will not be quixotic to-morrow. There is indeed a historical destiny. If our mature and peace-loving men of to-day appeal to that to justify renouncing high ideals, if they consider your crusade but boyish folly, this does not mean that destiny will always be what they now conceive it.

I believe that our peoples will wake up. The phenomenal development of the United States, overwhelming and intimidating as it is, leaves me perfectly tranquil. Business men are the same in New York, Paris, Buenos Aires, and London. But nations likewise are the same. Believe me, those who are guilty of injustice and follies toward the weak are not nations, but only powerful syndicates of business men, who play with their millions as generals play with their soldiers, who regard their devastations philosophically, reckoning them necessary in the higher interest of 'the job' — which for them is the creation of a powerful financial machine.

Our duty is to anticipate and prevent future evil by cultivating in 'Our America' a compelling sentiment, a high ideal, a pride worthy of a truly great, powerful, and respected Homeland. Let us promote confidently and loyally this ideal of our common Latin-American Fatherland.

DIPLOMACY AND POLITICIANS

BY L. DUMONT-WILDEN

From *La Revue Bleue, December* 16
(Nationalist Literary and Political Bimonthly)

When we review the international politics of the past four years, the world seems to have come to a standstill. In whatever direction we look, every important question, no matter how grave and how urgent, remains just where it was. In spite of all our conferences and laborious negotiations, the Reparations problem has not advanced a particle since the Treaty of Versailles. Western Europe is as bereft of a policy toward Bolshevist Russia as it was in the beginning. We have not settled the Austrian question or the Hungarian question. Our relations with the United States have been growing worse ever since the Treaty of Peace was signed, and continue to be the sport of popular sentiment in that country. The Eastern question, instead of clarifying, is growing more confused with every day that passes.

Is this due to the incapacity of the men in charge of public affairs? Perhaps so. The truth is that since 1914 every country has been using up its statesmen at a tremendous rate. Those who were heralded as geniuses yesterday are contemptuously cast aside to-day. We welcomed the Wilsonian era and the publication of the Fourteen Points as the dawn of a new world. Clemenceau was lauded as a man worthy of the pen of Plutarch. Even

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Lloyd George passed for a time for a great political genius. It was the same with Venizelos. But one after another these plaster statues have been pulverized with the sledge-hammer of public opinion, and there is not a nation in our bewildered world that is not to-day hunting for a real man. But can we imagine a single man able to master the complexity of our problems, and to reduce them to order by the mere power of his genius? And were we to find him, would we trust him with authority and power to impose his will upon all the nations whose passions have been so imprudently lashed to fury?

In the politics of earlier days each people — or better said each State — possessed a tradition, a policy dictated by history, geography, and well-defined and enduring interests, which every citizen called to high office instinctively understood. That condition no longer exists. What complicates and paralyzes international politics to-day, far more than the incompetence of our statesmen, is the fact that none of the Governments responsible for the reconstruction of the world knows precisely what its national interest and a rational policy demand. This uncertainty produces a situation that, with unimportant differences of detail, is identical in every free country of Europe.

A foreign policy must have continuity. It is conditioned by permanent interests that must be interpreted and accommodated to events. The adjustment of even a minor international incident requires time and patience. Now universal suffrage has subordinated every parliamentary government to the caprices of an excited and passionate public opinion, usually the worse informed in direct proportion as its supposed sources of information are more abundant.

Some countries have tried to avoid the instability of Cabinets depending upon popular suffrage by introducing proportional representation. They hoped this would prevent abrupt and unpredictable changes in the electorate. But this institution, so long considered as a sort of panacea for such evils, has only made the parliamentary system more inefficient than ever. Proportional representation encourages the subdivision of parties, and makes it impossible to form a reliable majority, which is indispensable if we are to have strong Cabinets, competent and efficient enough to deal with great crises. The champions of proportional representation are quite aware of this. They know their system renders impossible a strong Government. In times of peace it is quite arguable that a strong Government is not essential for the public welfare. But in times like this, when we are trying to reconstruct the world and to restore order out of the worst disorder recorded in history, we realize more and more the necessity of a strong central authority.

But we still show the same heedless faith in our institutions that we showed in 1914, in our days of peace and prosperity, when the far-visioned men who saw the tempest gathering on the horizon were rated dangerous and disturbing spirits. None the less, every parliament in Europe and even in the world to-day faces practically the same crisis. Legislative authority, after arrogating to itself executive functions, has been shattered to fragments. No party is strong enough to impose its will on the others, and ministries, organized merely because there must be some sort of cabinet, owe their precarious and ephemeral existence to hybrid and unstable coalitions.

In the days before the war, nations managed to pursue a fairly consistent foreign policy, because parliament and

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the voters took little interest in affairs abroad. These remained the preserve of a few specialists, who ultimately quite disassociated themselves from any political party. Our government bureaus were then the depositories of our political traditions, expert in matters of precedent, doctrine, custom, able to appeal at need to the prestige of some great man of the past whose authority was the more imposing the less we knew about him. Except for a few parliamentary crises, we might say that the foreign policies of France, from 1871 to 1914, were almost as consistent and logical as those of England.

But the war has changed all this completely. That great struggle was conducted by professional politicians who, having won it, imagined they could win peace by the same methods, and therefore hastened to turn our diplomats out of their former posts of authority. Whether our politicians assumed the functions of ambassadors or of foreign ministers, they filled their new positions like executives; and no matter how great the power of some of them may have been for a brief period, they remained essentially tools in the hands of parliamentary majorities that knew nothing of foreign affairs.

Simultaneously, the common people woke up to a realization of what a deluge of misery a heedless and blundering foreign policy might bring upon them. The man in the street became passionately interested in problems for which he formerly cared nothing. He imagined he could force his ready-made and naïve opinions upon the Government. So our cabinet officers had to keep the voter, as well as the course of affairs abroad, constantly in mind. This has compelled them to adopt insincere, claptrap, deceptive policies that have invariably brought their ultimate discomfiture.

When we consider that European Cabinets to-day lack solid parliamentary backing, that they owe their brief power to unstable and inharmonious majorities, that they are subject to the jealous but incompetent surveillance of a public exasperated by one disappointment after another, is it at all remarkable that our Ministers lack the freedom of action and initiative necessary for a consistent foreign policy?

This is the explanation of all the political vacillation that gives every Government in Europe an appearance of incoherence and uncertainty and exposes it to ever more bitter criticism from the masses. Bonar Law has made several excellent speeches since he took office, which show a generous comprehension of the French position in regard to Reparations. To listen to him, we might imagine the Entente Cordiale back in the honeymoon period again. We know the British Premier well enough to feel certain that he is sincere; but this is no guaranty of British coöperation, because Bonar Law, although he sees clearly the international situation as it is, cannot remain in power unless he makes concessions to his country's imperialism in Asia and to the pro-German sympathies of the Labor party.

The Belgian Cabinet, although it still harks back to its old traditions of neutrality and well knows that its interests are identical with those of France in dealing with Germany, is obsessed by the spectre of Socialism and the phantom of the Flemish movement. Its Ministers are at the mercy of a Socialist-Flemish coalition, should the slightest misstep bring those two parties together. The Belgian Socialists, abandoning their resolute and commendable course during the war, are now fighting vigorously every suggestion that sanctions be enforced against defaulting Germany.

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In Italy Mussolini has crushed international Socialism, but we have reason to fear that he will find himself sadly shackled by the promises that he has made to his Nationalist partisans. And have we not in France a powerful party, violently opposed to strong measures against Germany? It would not be so bad, perhaps, if the Socialist parties had a real international policy, a clear conception of what the future relations between Governments ought to be according to their own theories. But they are as badly divided on all these important questions as are the so-called bourgeois parties. How many different Socialist creeds and sects we might enumerate between the patriots who have not forgotten the lesson of 1914 and the agents of Moscow who hearken obediently to the oracles of Lenin and Trotskii! What divergencies, what irreconcilable hatreds we discover there!

Indeed, the Socialists are sadly embarrassed over this question of Reparations. They are hampered by their old professions, and at the same time fearful of offending our wounded and crippled soldiers, who are still a mighty voting power. So they do not dare confess that they are ready to forgive Germany. They admit that we should have Reparations, but they vigorously attack every concrete measure to collect them.

And have the Socialists a Russian policy? If so, it is purely negative and retrospective. It confines itself to blaming the old Cabinets of the Entente for the support they gave Denikin and Wrangel. But we cannot possibly imagine Vandervelde, ostracized as an enemy by the Soviets, eager to resume relations with them. And in regard to the Eastern question the Socialists have no policy beyond a few weak expressions of sympathy for the Armenians and the Jews. Consequently, if some turn in the wheel of fortune should put in power a radical Socialist Cabinet, we have every reason to suppose that it will display quite as much vacillation and hesitation as the Cabinets we have at present.

Charles Maurras has tried to prove, in a series of well-known books and striking articles, that no democratic republic can ever have a foreign policy. Without going as far as that, we may conclude from the present situation that a parliamentary democracy, whether under a monarchical or a republican form of government, will not be able to deal efficiently with the vast array of foreign problems that are crowding upon us, until after we have passed through a slow process of intellectual and moral education.

Maurras says, 'Politics first'; our business men politicians say, 'Economy first.' Would it not be nearer the truth to say, 'Ideas first, and a party to make them effective'? If Governments are to get along amicably with each other, they must first of all recover confidence in themselves, confidence in their rights. And the Cabinets that represent them must hold power, not by virtue of lobby intrigues, but by virtue of an enlightened public opinion that knows what it wants.

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ON THE EVE OF THE OCCUPATION

BY A RUHR CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times, January* 8
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

The delicate nature of the industrial organization in the Ruhr can best be appreciated by a visit to the district itself. The industries of the Ruhr are concentrated in a small and highly organized area whose pig-iron and steel production is roughly equivalent to that of England. Here are situated the ovens producing the metallurgical coke whose peculiar qualities lend the Ruhr area its special importance.

Around the mines have grown up the great steel-works where the ores of Lorraine, Sweden, and Canada are worked up, being brought via the Rhine to the great river port of Ruhrort — one of the largest coal depôts in the world — and from the North Sea ports via the Dortmund-Ems Canal. A complicated maze of railways assists in bringing in the raw materials, distributing the finished products, and carrying the foodstuffs required to support the huge industrial population.

Mine-shafts, boilers, tall factory-chimneys, belching smoke, and glowing furnaces show Essen at its best. Perfect organization of mighty forces typifies the life of the Ruhr. In the smallest house there is electric light, and, though Essen can be called smoky, it is not to be compared with the Black Country towns. Government regulations and science have diminished the smoke nuisance to an amazing extent by self-consuming devices.

Like most of the great industrial concerns, Krupps has a good name for consideration of its employees. In their garden city — a reproduction in real life of the Nuremberg toy-villages once familiar in our nurseries — every employee has his little house on the firm's estate and the expectation of a pension. Away from the grimy city lies the handsome villa of the Krupp family, with its private railway-station opposite the park gates and avenue, at which the royal train often drew up, bringing the Kaiser as a guest.

In these days much has changed in Essen. The lot of the workers is not what it was, though only last year a profit-sharing scheme was introduced. The flight from the mark and the reckless spending characteristic of the whole country have prevented it from being very successful. Krupps, formerly a conservative and self-centred concern, has lately been drawn into the current of trusts and interest-agreements, and has come to an arrangement with the Rhine metal locomotives and engineering concerns. Krupps has actually beaten its swords into ploughshares and other agricultural machines, cinemas, and motor-lorries, since the destruction of the great armament plant.

The return of Lorraine to France caused the break-up of the great German steel-syndicate, which has been succeeded by a number of big companies. The money paid by the German Government as compensation for property lost in Lorraine and the Saar had to be expended in developing the same industries in Germany. Herr Stumm is head of the group owning

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works at Dortmund, Duisburg, and elsewhere, which is entirely composed of properties bought up with this compensation money.

Herr Stinnes, the best known of the Ruhr magnates, has his home at Mülheim. He controls the Deutsche Luxemburg mining and smelting works and the Bochum Verein blast furnaces and steel works, all situated at Bochum, and the Gelsenkirchen coal-mines. Among other important connections of his is the recently formed merger with the Siemens electrical group. The Phœnix group controls blast furnaces and steel works near Duisburg. Their head is Herr Poensgen, living at Düsseldorf. The Thyssen group, at the head of which is August Thyssen, a quiet man with a wonderful organizing brain, has its main interest in the blast furnaces of Hamborn. Peter Klöckner controls the group bearing his name, which includes the Humboldt engineering works at Cologne, the Crefeld steel works, and blast furnaces in Westphalia. Herr Otto Wolff, whose villa on the Rhine was requisitioned for the first Military Governor of Cologne, is the genial personality whose brain directs the Rhenish steel-works concern.

It is with these vast and complicated organizations that France is now interfering — as she hopes, to her own advantage. At present she gets six hundred thousand tons of the precious metallurgical coke a month as Reparations, all of which is consumed in Lorraine. There, however, she has a surplus of minette ore, and it is her great wish to see Germany work up this surplus from the Ruhr, which possesses refineries which are lacking in Lorraine.

Germany herself is obliged to import large quantities of ore, her own production, since the loss of territories under the Peace Treaty, of six million tons low-grade ore per annum being insufficient to produce the pig-iron she requires. Either deliberately or on the economic ground that Swedish and other ores are of higher grade, she has somewhat neglected the Ruhr, and turned, among other countries, to Canada, from whom she buys large quantities of Wabana ore for the Ruhr.

After making reparation deliveries the Ruhr coke left over for her own use is just sufficient to cope with her present output of pig-iron, which, owing to the dislocation of world markets, is only 60 per cent of her capacity. Her steel production last year was some eight million tons. She imports some two million tons of iron and steel in a semimanufactured state, mainly from France and Belgium, and exports two and a quarter million tons of more highly finished products. By far the greater proportion of her products is marketed in Germany, and it may be said that the falling mark and the buying fever it induces in Germany is the basis of her iron and steel trade's present activity.

Germany is thus a good customer of Lorraine and the Saar, and France runs the grave risk of destroying this market by uneconomic interference with the Ruhr. If she takes more coke than she is at present getting, the Ruhr will go short, and be unable to buy French ores. The French metal-industry will never pay until there is a revival in the international iron and steel trade. France's ambition to secure a greater future for the latter should lead her to encourage such a revival rather than to hinder it by uneconomic political measures.

The appropriation of any revenues in Rhineland and the Ruhr will diminish the receipts of the German Budget, which even now cannot be balanced, leaving in France's hands quantities of paper marks which will probably de-

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preciate in value faster than she can collect them. Were she to substitute a gold tax on coal for the present 40 per cent tax in paper marks, it would send up enormously the inland price — which is that at which France receives reparation coal — and would be thus directly against her interests.

As to the foreign currencies received from their exports by the Ruhr concerns, these are utilized to pay for imports, and their seizure would again hit Lorraine and the Saar, and disorganize the Ruhr itself. If France really desires to destroy all hope of balancing the Budget now or in the future for Germany, she can certainly count on doing so by her present policy, but in seeking to cut the Gordian knot of Reparations she should reflect whether her sword, in severing the delicate nerves radiating from the Ruhr, may not be damaging irretrievably an organization with which her own industries are as closely bound up as are those of Germany.

There is a certain hesitation in French circles to predict the success of the Ruhr measures. It seems, in fact, that Frenchmen on the spot have far more confidence as to what they can do in the matter of customs and forest control with the Rhinelanders, whom they are now accustomed to handle and have found docile, than they have as to the results of exercising pressure on the Westphalian miner, who is a stranger to them.

There are two to three hundred thousand Polish miners in the Ruhr, and there are hopes that their influence will be thrown on the French side and will prevent any effective resistance on the part of the Ruhr workers generally.

This question of the Poles in the Ruhr is very prominent in German minds also. A German high official from Upper Silesia at present in Cologne gave it as his opinion that when the inevitable 'incidents' between French and Germans occurred in the Ruhr a large proportion of the Poles would openly side with France, and that as soon as this became known there would be a Polish invasion of German Upper Silesia. His opinion was that such Polish action would rouse the Little Entente and the Balkans, with consequences which it is difficult to foresee.

The French anticipate no difficulty with German officials in the Rhineland. In the case of a customs barrier being instituted, the French customs officials will be attached to every German post, and the French are confident that they will find the Germans amenable.

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MAGYAR MEMORIES, 1921

BY NEWMAN CRAIG

From the *National Review, January*
(London Tory Monthly)

'Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.'
— Kipling

That the Ost-Bahnhoff at Vienna is the gate of the raw red East there is no possible doubt. Of course, you won't believe this until you have journeyed through it into the wide, weary plain of Hungary. To the outward eye the station looks like any other in Vienna, whence trains go south, west, or north, but in reality it is the limit, the terminus, of Western civilization. The time that separates Vienna from Budapest is given in numberless up-to-date railway time-tables as five hours; but this is a mistake — actually it is just a century or rather more. In other words, when you step out of the train in Budapest you will see around you a people whose ideas, whose outlook on life, whose conception of the state and of the universe, belong essentially to the earlier part of the nineteenth century. It is as well to know this in advance; it will save you much mystification and perhaps even some justifiable annoyance.

Of course, this is not immediately apparent. When you leave the station you will see electric trams, taxis, modern shops, and the flaming advertisements which are the outward signs of 'progress' in other capitals. You will be received in an hotel which, in its externals, differs not one iota from that which you have left in Vienna, or in Paris, or in London. From your room in the hotel of your choice, dominating the Danube, you will look out on a view of palace-crowned hills and magnificent buildings through which the stately river winds its way — a view which alone would reward you for the fatigues of the journey. When, after suitably refreshing yourself, you descend to eat, you will find yourself in a sumptuous dining-room, studiously colored, furnished, and arranged to suggest to the unwary its aristocratic counterparts in Western capitals. And, lastly, you will order and receive a meal which in substance, in cooking, and in service would not discredit any of these capitals.

But all this is superficial. Up to now you have only seen, scenery excepted, what Budapest has copied from other cities — of the real Budapest you have, as yet, seen nothing. Your first awakening to the fact that you are now in the East will probably be in your immaculate bed — where, after all, most awakenings take place — and be timed about 1 A.M. or later. An unusual irritation on wrist, ankle, or neck will clamor for attention, and you will switch on your rose-tinted light to find — if you are quick — several little oval forms scuttling away for safety to the recesses of your snowy pillows! Bedbugs? — 'But impossible,' you will think. 'This is a first-class hotel; that is my luxurious private bathroom; never have I seen a more spotless suite.' And if you are unwise you will switch off the light and resume your disturbed slumbers.

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In the morning a series of hillocks on your forehead, a firmly closed eye, or a nose twice its normal size will prove to you in no uncertain fashion that your suspicion was only too well founded. Yes — thoroughly well founded — although the hotel director will wave his hands in astonishment and murmur something about impossibility, and immediate disciplinary action with all the personnel on your floor. Believe him not, he is deceiving you! He knows of the bedbugs, and has always known of them. Later he will tell you that they came when Bela Kun and his staff occupied all the best hotels in '19; or that the Rumanians brought them when they chased Bela Kun out; or that a Jewish 'Schieber' — which means war profiteer — introduced them with his baggage last week! Like a good Hungarian, he classes Bolsheviki, Rumanians, and Jews in the same category; and it is not meant as flattery to any one of them.

Meantime he will move you to another room, where you may or may not be luckier. Mollified by his explanations you breakfast and sally forth into the sunshine. It is more than possible that your aimless steps will wander on to the 'Corso.'

This is not, as one might erroneously gather from its name, the centre of the Italian quarter, but the Danube-side parade where fashionable Budapest takes its morning and evening exercise. Here, day after day, the sun shines down with equal violence on the just and the unjust, the moral and the unmoral, the young and the old, of the cosmopolitan city. One cannot describe it better than by saying it is Piccadilly and Hyde Park rolled into one, and in its motley gathering includes every type of humanity which we in London have come to associate with the above thoroughfares. One side is lined by the great hotels and cafés, on the other the Danube whirls along its majestic course.

You will be interested to observe that almost every third man you see is an officer in uniform, and, knowing that Hungary is supposed to have a very limited army, you may wonder how this comes about. But it is useless to wonder. If you were interested enough to inquire about it at the War Ministry, a bland official would prove to you infallibly — on paper — that Hungary was even short of the approved four thousand or so which the Peace Treaty granted. Many high officials of the victorious Powers have seen personally to this matter, and so there is not a doubt about it. Nevertheless, if you were to visit any other town or larger village in Hungary, the same phenomenon — the same paradox — would meet your eye. There are assuredly only four thousand in Hungary, but the four thousand seem to be by hazard in the town you chance to be visiting! This is again a sign that you are now in the East, where things assuredly are not, and never have been, what they seem.

Also on the Corso there are many children and nurses; and many strikingly beautiful ladies whose costumes, while obviously owing much to Paris, are yet at the same time not unreminiscent of Constantinople or what you think would probably be worn by a smart woman of Constantinople. You have never been there? No? You must see these things. It is the suggestion of the East which is again puzzling you. Everywhere and in every phase of Hungarian life you will stumble on this suggestion of the East — but you will never seize it or define it. It is expressed in a very subtle manner; it is all-pervading, like the odor of Cairo or of Bombay, but it eludes description.

When you have duly noted all these things, you will probably be weary of the Corso, and will seek refuge in one

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of the neighboring streets — fashionable shopping-centres. And here at once you will find something awaiting you that is neither elusive nor indefinable, and that is the stench of the Budapest drains. From a hundred outlets they cry their iniquities to a brazen and unsympathetic sky. You will have no temptation to linger in these streets in spite of their attractive shops.

It is again the East which is saluting you. You find that it is now lunch time and that your table awaits you. At one end of the superb dining-room a *Zigeuner*, or gypsy band, renders conversation impossible in its vicinity, and difficult anywhere. All the same, these bands are a specialty of the country, and worthy of your attention. The musicians, playing entirely by ear, specialize in the plaintive and almost lugubrious wailing music of the great and sad Hungarian Plain. They seek to portray its endless monotony, its sorrows and its joys. From the very originality of the music you will enjoy it on the first occasion, and perhaps on the second; on the third you or the band will be forced to leave the room — more probably you. But hearing it for the first time you will find it very charming, Oriental and quaint. It will recall to you in some vague ways your Omar Khayyam and your Rudyard Kipling; in fact, a medley of all your reading of the East.

Carried away by the wild plaintive melody, you will perhaps gaze in interest at the orchestra until you catch the eye of the leader. You see his answering smile, and before you can realize it he will have left his gypsies and be at your table playing into your very ear the most agonizing of Hungarian love-songs. You will be naturally overcome with self-consciousness and confusion and feel that all eyes are upon you. But you are wrong. Nobody takes the slightest notice, nor do they even glance at you. It is merely an old Hungarian custom, too common to arouse comment. He will stay with you until you have offered him a glass of wine, and then return to his orchestra.

As you resume your simple meal, you will feel that now — the bandmaster being no longer in your vicinity — other eyes, and not unsympathetic ones, are fixed on you. You will imagine, at first, you must have met the fair owners of these friendly eyes somewhere. In vain you search your memory, not a face can you recall, and yet these tastefully, quietly dressed, perfectly mannered ladies seem to know you. There is recognition — almost welcome — in their eyes. But do not worry, do not be disturbed, it is only the eternal curiosity, the ingenuous frankness of Eastern womanhood, ever interested in a new arrival. It is again a reminder that you are in the East.

Your lunch terminated, you seek a comfortable seat in the crowded lounge. There a happy diversion awaits you. Across the lounge you catch sight of a friend in the British Mission talking to a large, fat and bald, but genial-looking Hungarian. You hasten to join them, and your friend presents you to his companion. 'From Count Batherhazy,' he adds, 'you will learn in an hour more about Hungary than from any of us in a year.' And if you allow the Count to get astride his favorite hobby you will indeed learn much about this odd country.

He will tell you of Arpád, the first Magyar leader to descend on the fertile plains of Hungary; of Saint Stephen, who organized and established the Magyars in their new territory, and spread Christianity throughout his kingdom; how the 'Golden Bull' or Magna Charta of Hungary was extorted from the weak King Endré by an outraged peasantry; how the terrible Mongol invasion well-nigh swept away

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in utter ruin the Magyar State; and how later, under Louis the Great, that State not only revived but attained the zenith of its power. You will learn of the Homeric struggles of John Hunyadi against the Turks; of the shattering defeat of Mohács, which placed Hungary under Ottoman domination for nigh on two hundred years, until the victory of John Sobieski, under the very walls of Vienna, hurled the enemy back forever. How after this victory Hungary in her gratitude made the Magyar Crown hereditary in the house of Hapsburg.

You will hear how Hungary, having thus purchased freedom from the Turk at the price of subjugation to the Austrians, spent the next two hundred years struggling to assert her constitutional rights, until the establishment of the Dual Monarchy made her again a Sovereign State. Lastly, he will tell you how, against her better judgment, Hungary joined Germany in 1914. Of her defeat and dismemberment, of her tragic situation to-day, shorn of two thirds of her territory, one third of her population, and of her mines and forests! How the mutilated Hungary that remains is torn with political quarrels — filled with bitter memories and the desire of revenge. If you have been able to maintain a semblance of interest in this exposé, you will have made in Count Batherhazy a lifelong friend.

For the Western European, history is at best a dull affair, laboriously acquired at school or university, and immediately forgotten in the more pressing affairs of the present; but in the East, where time is of little account, and race and family of much, the facts and events of history exercise an enormous influence on the national life of to-day. Instance the sacred character, for all Magyars, of the 'Crown of Saint Stephen,' the venerable diadem with which for so many hundreds of years each constitutional Hungarian king has been crowned. The person of a king once invested with this historic crown becomes — for his Hungarian subjects — almost sacred, and in this extraordinary and even superstitious veneration of a time-honored relic of antiquity can be found the key to most political problems of ancient and modern Hungary. This reverence for the past is the political bulwark of the Legitimists or Hapsburg Party, to which most of the aristocracy owe allegiance. It is the stumblingblock of modernism in every form, and, added to the excesses of Bela Kun's Bolshevist régime, has made Hungary the most conservative country in the world.

You will find that in Hungary there are three leading political parties. The Legitimists, who would restore the Hapsburgs at all costs; the Horthyites, or followers of the present Regent; and the Democratic Party with all its shades of color, from mild Socialism to red Communism. At the moment, most moderate and intelligent Hungarians support the wise and statesmanlike policy of the Regent; the Legitimists are thoroughly discredited by the last abortive *Putsch* in 1921; while the Democratic Party has never been able to raise its head seriously since the Bolshevist administration of 1919.

Once launched in Hungarian society, you will be passed from hand to hand, from family to family, with quite Old-World hospitality; and in every house you will find only one topic of conversation — one dominant interest — politics. All are agreed that the present position of Hungary, territorially and financially, is impossible; but when it comes to allotting responsibility or suggesting remedies, then you will find wide divergence of views. Should you be invited — as you certainly will be — to visit the country estate of one of your hosts, you will find that the country life, customs, and manners

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of the people are to-day exactly as they have been for hundreds of years.

The outstanding features of the Magyar peasant are a sturdy independence and pride of race, which, coupled with a truly Eastern conservatism, render him quite impervious to Western influences, whether economic or political. Such changes as have taken place are superficial. The towns have felt the effects of the war, and its far-flung consequences; but in the great Hungarian Plain the peasant cultivates his land as his fathers have done for centuries, unchanging and unchanged as the fruitful soil which supports him. Politically he is entirely a Conservative, in religion a Roman Catholic or a Calvinist, imbued with a profound respect, even veneration, for the local magnate, prince, count, or baron, as the case may be.

You will notice that the life and organization of a Hungarian château is entirely mediæval; that the position of your host is less that of country proprietor than that of the chief of an Indian or African village of to-day. To his servants, coachmen, gamekeepers, villagers, tenants, he is less an employer or landlord than the visible representative of a benign Providence. To him is referred every detail of their daily domestic lives, and no action of any importance is ever undertaken without his advice. When he walks in his château grounds or in the village, he is greeted as a parent might be. Men, women, and children will stoop to kiss his hand. He is also a court of appeal against undue interference on the part of the agents, civil or otherwise, of the central government; indeed, the latter are in many cases only able to administer their areas because the peasants believe them to have the countenance and support of their local lord.

And this peculiar relationship is due, you will find, to the survival of the tribal instinct so strongly, so ineradicably established in the Magyar race. The inhabitants of each village form a small tribe, those of each province a larger tribe, and the sum total of the inhabitants of the provinces forming modern Hungary constitute the Magyar race, which, in spite of its millennial halt, remains at heart the wandering, colonizing race of Arpád and his successors. To the extraordinary virility of this tribal idea is due the vigor and survival of the Magyars, their power to absorb subjected races, their wonderful race consciousness. Through it they have ever successfully resisted, and in the long run shaken off, exterior control, whether political, ecclesiastical, or intellectual.

In Western nations you will find class distinctions first, race unity second, but in Hungary race self-consciousness takes precedence of all class distinctions, and the Magyar is a Magyar first, and a noble, burgess, or peasant afterward.

When you return to Budapest, you will see it through new eyes in the light of your provincial experiences. You will realize that it too is essentially more a Magyar encampment than a modern city in the Western sense. In heart and soul it is still nomadic, and peopled by nomads, who, though barred by economic and geographical causes from further western migrations, yet retain the restless and wandering spirit which has ever been the dominant characteristic of the Magyar.

As you pack your bags in your hotel preparatory to your journey westward, you will experience a pang of regret at leaving this strange but attractive land, this childlike yet inscrutable people, who have faced every conceivable calamity — defeat, disruption, and dismemberment — with silent solidarity and cheerful courage, epitomized in their racial motto: 'Say not that Hungary has been, but shall be.'

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SUBSTITUTE GOVERNMENT

A SATIRE ON POST-WAR ETHICS

BY HERMANN BAHR

From *Neue Freie Presse, December* 31
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MR. KAUTZ, *a Bureau Chief and a typical bureaucrat, about fifty years old*

DR. VON DAMNIG, *about thirty years old, blond, slender, with very attractive features; wears large tortoise-shell glasses and is unusually well-groomed*

A SERVANT

SCENE — A Vienna Café

KAUTZ (*enters, goes to his usual table in the window, removes his hat and coat, and seats himself, nodding slightly to* DR. VON DAMNIG. *The waiter brings the newcomer his coffee and a bunch of newspapers.* DR. VON DAMNIG *sits, reading papers, at a round table in the next window. He returns* KAUTZ'S *nod pleasantly.* KAUTZ *sugars his coffee and hunts among his papers for the* Neue Freie Presse *which he always reads first. Loses his temper and rattles with his spoon against a glass*). Waiter! Waiter!

DR. VON DAMNIG (*picks up a copy of the* Neue Freie Presse *on his table and brings it over to* MR. KAUTZ). Beg pardon. (*Immediately returns to his own table.*)

KAUTZ. Any waiter here should know what I wanted without my telling him. That's the ABC of his business.

DR. VON DAMNIG. But you know, to-day particularly, every business is overrun with dilettantes. Who knows? (*Nodding toward the waiter*) Perhaps he is an ex-major.

KAUTZ. Yes. And we expected to win the war with such people!

DR. VON DAMNIG. Or, perhaps, a political enemy of the *Neue Freie.*

KAUTZ (*angrily*). A priest-server! (*His mood suddenly changing*) But you, sir, are very kind. You are a gentleman.

DR. VON DAMNIG (*modestly*). I am only a man who loves the proprieties.

KAUTZ. Then you must have a hard time of it now!

DR. VON DAMNIG (*shrugging his shoulders*). Well — we have to get along some way.

KAUTZ (*rising*). In any case — Since we seem fairly to have made each other's acquaintance — (*Formally introducing himself*) Government-Bureau-Chief Kautz.

DR. VON DAMNIG (*stepping up to* KAUTZ *and presenting himself*). Dr. von Damnig. I am very happy indeed to know you. (*They shake hands.*)

KAUTZ. Won't you sit down here with me?

DR. VON DAMNIG (*seating himself at* KAUTZ'S *table*). Gladly.

KAUTZ. Have you, if I may venture to ask, also the good fortune to be in the employ of our noble Republic?

DR. VON DAMNIG (*smiling*). No — I'm not. I was a private tutor.

KAUTZ (*sympathetically*). Oh my God!

DR. VON DAMNIG. I have been interested in figures ever since I was a boy. I wrote my dissertation on Pythagoras, and then spent several years writing a book upon the connection of music

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and astronomy among the Babylonians — fairly wore myself out with it. I had a small independent income.

KAUTZ (*nodding sympathetically*). The man with a small independent income is generally stone broke to-day.

DR. VON DAMNIG. My God, many people have had to learn hard lessons.

KAUTZ (*curiously*). You must have gotten pretty well away from your Babylonian music?

DR. VON DAMNIG (*with affected regret*). It was hard enough at first.

KAUTZ (*still curious — benevolently*). But that was no great loss. To-day — To-day — What's important is getting an income! No one asks how. (*His gaze rests on the fashionable clothing of his new acquaintance.*) I'm really curious, you know, how an old Babylonian like you manages to look so prosperous.

DR. VON DAMNIG (*quizzically hesitating*). No — it's nothing very great.

KAUTZ. Oh, that does n't matter to-day. To-day the only thing is to get an income somehow.

DR. VON DAMNIG (*in a matter-of-fact voice*). Well — it pays.

KAUTZ (*still more curious*). So you have found a paying profession!

DR. VON DAMNIG (*speaking with the utmost candor*). My present profession is that of pickpocket.

(KAUTZ *draws back, shocked, and involuntarily feels for his pocketbook to assure himself that it has not disappeared.*)

DR. VON DAMNIG (*laughs and continues*). Oh, don't disturb yourself, sir. Don't worry. (*Laughs again.*) It is an odd idea men have, that a thief must be on the job all day long! A baker does n't bake bread all day long. A judge does n't compose death sentences when he is walking in the park. No — I have my eight-hour day. When my work is over, I try to rest and get away from business cares. So don't worry, sir.

KAUTZ (*perplexed, tremendously disturbed, hunting for words*). Yeh — But — I must say! You must pardon me, sir —

DR. VON DAMNIG (*jokingly*). What? If you catch me stealing anything, or can prove that I have committed a theft — yes, if you merely have good grounds for suspecting me of a particular theft — then, of course, call the police and have me arrested. But the mere fact that I am a thief by profession is not legally punishable. Can you point out any paragraph in the law forbidding that? Stealing is forbidden, but there is no law in the world that forbids a man to be a thief. We might pass a law to-morrow to forbid singing; but you could not punish a man for being a singer. (*Changing to a good-natured, persuasive manner*) And then, just tell me, my dear sir, what is the objection to it anyway? Of course, unless, my dear chap, you still believe in God — in the good old chap with the long white beard — Naturally, in that case — He summoned Moses once and laid down the law to him: you can do thus and thus; you cannot do this and that. Yes, in that sense it is forbidden, I admit. But, my dear sir, a free thinker like yourself —

KAUTZ (*indignantly striking the table with his fist*). But now you are going too far! You surely are not going to assert that it is necessary to believe in the old gentleman with the white beard in order to abhor stealing?

DR. VON DAMNIG. Surely. Why should I abhor it?

KAUTZ (*emphatically*). Does not your conscience forbid?

DR. VON DAMNIG (*placidly, speaking very mildly and deliberately*). To be perfectly frank, my dear sir, no. Don't be offended with me — but is n't it so? No man is bound to obey any other conscience than the one he has! Your conscience tells you not to steal. Well

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and good. Then don't steal, by all means. No one asks you to do so. We thieves do not urge you to imitate us. All we ask is that since we have no conscience in the matter —

KAUTZ (*with a show of emotion*). Every man has a conscience!

DR. VON DAMNIG (*ingenuously*). How do you know that? (*After a moment's meditation*) And even admitting it — it is quite possible, of course, that a good many people do still have a remnant of a conscience — sort of fossil of an earlier age, you know; and nobody begrudges them that. I do not argue that everyone, whether he has a talent and a call for it or not, should be compelled to steal. I do not consider thieving obligatory. Your conscience forbids it — so don't do it. But equal rights for all. My conscience does not forbid it — so why should I follow your conscience and not my own?

KAUTZ (*desperately*). Man! You are merely talking to convince yourself. That is not true! Do you dare to say to my face that you never hear a still, small voice saying: 'You must n't do that! That's wrong!'

DR. VON DAMNIG (*after a pause, meditatively but decisively*). No longer, sir. Not for a long time. At the beginning — yes, I admit that. But only as long as I did not know how the conscience originated. Your error, sir, lies in this: you have never thought over how conscience began. For example, if a little boy gets switched for something, he remembers the switching, if it is severe enough, and the next time he is tempted to do what he was punished for before, he automatically associates the deed with the switching. Now, don't you see, sir, that the phenomenon of conscience is merely the essence of all the inhibiting memories that the human race retains of all the switchings mankind has received in the long course of history? The moment humanity became enlightened enough to dispense with our harsh old penal punishments, it took the first step toward abolishing conscience. In thirty years there will no longer be such a thing. Want to bet on it?

KAUTZ (*much moved*). That would be the end of all morality, the end of all human community, the end of life.

DR. VON DAMNIG (*with evident surprise*). No indeed. Why?

KAUTZ. Who would work? Who would save? Who would produce anything if everything could be stolen?

DR. VON DAMNIG (*slowly*). Why do you say that everything would be stolen? I do not believe that when stealing is no longer forbidden there will be any more stolen than is stolen to-day. I'm sure there won't be.

KAUTZ (*interrupting him indignantly*). When theft is no longer forbidden! Surely everybody will steal.

DR. VON DAMNIG (*laughing heartily*). You assume that so naturally! You talk like a blind man describing colors. No, my dear sir. When this outlived prohibition of stealing — a mere remnant of our immortal Middle Ages — has finally vanished, I bet you that no more will be stolen than to-day. Possibly there will be at first; during the first years of transition everybody will want to steal. It will be demonstrated very soon that this requires a gift — a gift, sir, that men cannot learn, but that is born with them.

KAUTZ (*impatiently interrupting*). Now wait a minute. I want to say that I don't understand you in the slightest. You talk about a time when, as you say, stealing will no longer be forbidden. Surely, if ever, that will be a time when a thief will need no talent; for whatever man can do freely ceases to be an art — as you appear to consider your 'profession.' For then he will run no risk.

DR. VON DAMNIG. Oho! You are

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very much mistaken, my dear sir. You don't understand human nature. The sentiment of ownership — the feeling that if a thing belongs to me I shall not let another take it away from me under any pretext — is, my dear sir, the most powerful, the most fundamental instinct of man. It is so strong that the average man will sacrifice father, and mother, and wife, and children, and his own life to defend his property — for instance, when nations go to war. It is a feeling that is only now being slightly dulled, put to sleep, so to speak, precisely because we have the feeling that the police will protect our property. But once you take away that police protection, then you will know for the first time how deeply rooted in the human heart this sense of ownership is. And not only in the human heart, but in the feeling of even the lower animals. Just try, sir, to take a bone away from a dog! Man would have to sink lower than the beasts before he would passively let his property be taken away from him.

KAUTZ (*sputtering*). Yes, but — how will you then — if the thief is no longer punished — stealing no longer forbidden — and, of course, every man will steal —

DR. VON DAMNIG (*interrupting*). Every man? Don't exaggerate!

KAUTZ (*at length getting to his point*). How will you protect property?

DR. VON DAMNIG. Simplest thing in the world. Every man will insure his property. Then we shall no longer need all this law humbug. To-day, if something is stolen from you, the thief is put in jail. What practical good do you get out of that? But when we have universal property-insurance, you will merely report how much you have lost, and the amount will be promptly paid you. You will be guaranteed against loss, and there will be no reason for troubling about the thief. And in the long run the insurance company will profit also. All three parties to the transaction will benefit — the owner, the thief, and the company. My dear sir, honestly now, your conscience — or what you may call your sense of justice — is not so insistent upon making the world moral, as upon protecting you personally from loss — is n't it so?

KAUTZ (*hesitating*). Both — both are desirable.

DR. VON DAMNIG. You can't have both at the same time. It's either one or the other. You can't. What is the government anyway? What was it invented for? The government has been from the beginning an insurance company. Our taxes are nothing but insurance premiums. But, as time went on, the government went in for all kinds of side-lines that never belonged to it, which have interfered with its proper functions. The insurance company keeps a porter out in front of its building, with a big stick. Now note. Our Kaisers and Kings were just the same — big porters at the door — only we got the idea that they were the main thing in the business, and forgot what the real purpose of government was. Take my word for it, my dear sir: public morals, police, justice, are all costly things that we can dispense with just as soon as we have a really efficient businesslike economic system of insuring private property. Such a substitute government will make it harder for us thieves, because an insurance company will protect private property much more efficiently than individuals can to-day. But that, let us hope, will rid us of the competition of the incompetents in our profession, who were never born to be thieves but only steal because under present conditions it is so temptingly easy to do so. Believe me, there is nothing a real professional thief like myself despises and hates more than your occasional and oppor-

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tunist thief. He will be eliminated. We shall get rid of amateurs, and only men with a genius, with a passion for stealing will steal — that certainly is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

KAUTZ (*casually glances at the café clock and springs to his feet with a start*). In Heaven's name, it is already three o'clock! Waiter! (*Raps on his glass, takes his overcoat, and turns to* DR. VON DAMNIG *hastily.*) You have so interested me with your theories that I shall be almost late to the office!

DR. VON DAMNIG (*likewise rising and smiling*). What time is it?

KAUTZ (*looking again at the café clock*). Ten minutes of three.

DR. VON DAMNIG (*still smiling and in a peculiar voice*). And also by your watch? Please verify it, sir.

KAUTZ (*surprised, suspicious, feels for his watch, does not find it, glances at* DR. VON DAMNIG; *angrily*). I beg your pardon — what does that mean?

DR. VON DAMNIG (*hands* MR. KAUTZ *his watch with a courteous bow and a smile*). Please take it, sir.

KAUTZ (*taking his watch, alternately glancing at it and at* DR. VON DAMNIG, *speechless*). N-n-o-o-o — Listen, sir —

DR. VON DAMNIG (*nodding with a smile*). I permitted myself — Bear this in mind, my dear sir, before you again speak so slightingly of our art.

CURTAIN

MIDSHIPMAN MEMORIES

BY FRANZ KARL GINZKEY

From the *Neue Freie Presse, December* 3
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

I CAN appreciate better now than I could at that time the beauty of the old corvette Friedrich with all her sails set, including mizzen and jib. I feel like singing the praises of the old corvette. Where is she now? She has disappeared in the thin air, like a real fairy-ship. A comrade recently told me that she had been broken up and given away for fuel. Thus she slipped out of existence before the whole Austro-Hungarian fleet followed in her wake.

In the Navy Almanac of 1917 I could not find her name even under 'Hulks' — a heading that covers old, disabled hulls stripped of their masts and rigging, things that look like Noah's arks. I used to contemplate them with awe in my early childhood. They were true symbols of the passing of things once vibrant with life and movement. They stood as shops, barracks, even homes; a gangplank connected them with the shore, so that they were real wooden peninsulas. A thriving population of algæ, shells, and seaweeds clung to their sides and built up a new life around them — even though it were a very different life from that of a proud seaworthy 'Royal and Imperial Warship' of the Austro-Hungarian Navy.

Indeed the old corvette was even to lose her identity during her lifetime: for a new armored man-of-war, with an eighteen thousand horse-power engine,

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was christened 'Friedrich.' I might add, however, that the old corvette had also possessed a small, two hundred horse-power engine of which she was very proud in her day. She never used it except when mooring or lifting anchor, or in an emergency during a complete calm.

At the time of my cruise on the Friedrich she was already about thirty years old — an impossibly old age for a warship, in an era when humanity demands the most modern and novel tools of murder and destruction to further the progress of civilization. What could the old corvette have done in a sea-battle? She would have been as a small, defenseless child clad in a little shirt of white sails, standing aside from grownup fellows — the dreadnoughts — who spit missiles at each other from long distances until with a throbbing explosion their steel armor flies into the air.

But she was still effective in one respect: she was perfect and unique in her romantic quality. She was to me the fulfillment of the things that made my heart throb when, as a child, I read of Bartholomeu Dias's voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, of Vasco de Gama discovering India, of the first voyage around the world by Magellan. Her fittings and riggings were essentially the same as in those olden times: three masts; a wheel with a quartermaster before it, looking at a compass; cannon, painted black, that peeped from portholes and could be pulled in like the horns of a snail.

My heart warmed especially toward our fifteen-centimetre guns. My hammock hung over one of them at night. Whenever I did not tighten the hammock sufficiently, it would gradually sag down to the cold surface of the gun, and this awakened in me a feeling of brotherhood. The sea breeze would come in through the portholes, moonlight danced upon the waves, and the old wooden corvette sang. Yes, it was a low, mysterious humming and buzzing, a creaking and crackling of timbers, that bespoke the life that is in all things and the mutual dependence of all things in this world. The sails tugged and the sea urged on — and both together produced a song.

Our corvette was built in 1857, from old Istrian oak that had been stored in Venice. The forests of Istria, which supplied ship timber to the Republic of Venice for centuries, sang their last song in the Friedrich; for already trees were growing scarce in that region, and now the land is entirely denuded.

Naturally, I dedicated my poetic efforts to the old ship, in the exuberance of my sixteen years. Some of these verses I inscribed in the sketchbook of my comrade, Paul Pachner, who adorned them with a beautiful drawing of our corvette.

To me, the sails of the Friedrich were her fairest possession. They symbolized our alliance with the wind; they were the source of our strength. We, Academy-cadets, manned the mizzenmast; common sailors manned the mainmast and the foremast. I can still hear the clear, singing voice of the officer on duty: 'Set sails! All aloft!' We flew up the shrouds like squirrels, scattered along the yards, unfastened the heavy canvas, and held it ready to loose at the next command. Our beautiful white wings would then unfold with a fluttering bang, all three masts at the same moment. They would hesitate a moment as if feeling for wind; then of a sudden the breeze would plunge headlong into the tightened canvas, fill it, belly it out with a noble, inimitable curve, typifying visible strength; while the sun's rays sparkled on the water. Unlimited blue surrounded us — turquoise skies, a tourmaline sea; and emerald foam played around the ship.

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Porpoises would leap into the air, gulls would shriek, the wind would bring us messages luring us on to more distant climes. The old tales of sea that I read in childhood were coming true.

At such times, whenever I had a chance, I would lie down between the coils of rope on deck, while my comrades entertained themselves below. I imbibed the language of the infinite and perhaps much of what is inexpressible in any language. These hours of supreme enjoyment impressed themselves indelibly upon the growing structure of my mind — I owe much to the old corvette Friedrich.

My teachers as well as my comrades must have thought me an odd youth. They observed that I was always alone in my hours off duty; they knew that I wrote verse; in their military minds they probably had long since passed judgment on me. For a chasm yawns between the spirit of the poet and the spirit of the fighting man that can never be completely bridged.

I recall vividly one incident that played an important part in shaping my future. One of my comrades had brought a few books with him on the cruise, and I borrowed from him Spielhagen's *Problematische Naturen*. I became so intrigued with Doctor Oswald Stein's involved love affairs that I felt I must talk them over with my friend. So I invited him to share my hermit corner after dinner. We were at that time in the latitude of Corfu, and the hot sun forced us to crawl under a sail hung over the railing. There we two talkative youngsters confided to each other our ideas of Doctor Oswald Stein, and love in general, and our personal, still rather vague, conceptions of that passion. It was an hour of mutual confidences, such as may arise between two young boys eager to express their thoughts of the future and concerning the questions that seem obscure. And I recall how embarrassed we were later when, on passing our officer upon the battery deck, he casually inquired: 'Well, young gentlemen, how are things going with Oswald Stein and Melitta?'

That taught us, much to my discomfiture, that my idyllic corner was no place for confidential talks, as it was situated immediately over the windows of the officers' cabin.

I remember that on the following day the sky was overcast and a sirocco blew. The dark waters raged tumultuously; all sails had to be furled. The first storm! We boys were in a rapture, although we trembled — ever so little — in our hearts. Old pictures of ships in distress upon the high seas rose before my eyes: roaring mountains of water, groaning timbers, howling wind and whistling cordage, water seeping through closed portholes, foaming crests falling upon the deck — I felt simply transported! We knew that we could trust the old corvette. She stood it splendidly. During her thirty years of seagoing she had survived many a typhoon and cyclone, and that storm must have been mere child's play to her.

However, Neptune demanded a sacrifice from me. I became deathly seasick. The sea refused to quiet down, and my condition constantly grew more lamentable. None of the remedies suggested had any effect. I lay flat upon the deck until I was soaked with spray and penetrated by the breeze. For two days I ate only canned lobster — the sole food that by some miracle I could retain. Finally I requested two of my comrades to flog me with a rope, as the young devils assured me this was the best remedy known. Naturally it did not help.

At length I reached a state of complete irresponsibility and endless loathing for life. So I crawled into the ship's

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hospital without telling anyone. The hospital contained four beds and was empty at that time; I lay there for two days and two nights without being discovered. It was supposed that I had fallen overboard and had been eaten up by sharks. In the end I was discovered by a shipmate, and what was left of me was carried, rather than led, to the commander to report.

'Such a thing as that,' said Commander Haus, stroking his beard, 'such a thing as that never happened before! And you are planning to become an able sailor? Don't you know that Admiral Nelson won all his battles in spite of constant seasickness?'

I believed him. But I could detect no ambition in my heart to emulate the great English admiral. I was conscious of but one wish: Land — firm, reliable land under my feet!

The look of despair with which I met the sage and serene eyes of my officer probably shattered any remnant of faith in my ability to become a sailor that still lingered in his heart. I got off with a mild reproof; I believe he did not think it worth the trouble to be severe with me.

Some years later I was serving in my native town of Pola as lieutenant of coast artillery. My company and I were lodged in barracks about an hour's walk from town. I had the permission of the naval authorities to use the steam barge that plied between that point and the city. And every day I made the trip in the company of my former commander, Anton Haus, who had become the captain of a frigate.

We talked of many things, but never of my past seamanship. Only once, as we both looked out into the open sea and beheld the old Friedrich, which was still a cadets' school-ship, just unfolding her sails to put out into the Adriatic, I caught a slightly ironic curving of his lips, as if he wanted to ask me again:

'Well, how does it stand with Doctor Oswald Stein and Melitta?'

OLIVE TREES

BY WILFRED THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

When I was young in Italy, beneath the olive trees
I saw the sunburnt men in spring prune off the boughs and hoe;
And when I've done with London-town and won to greater ease,
It's there among the olive trees that back again I'll go.

The olive trees are silver-gray, and gnarled and old and maimed
By cruel years of pruning, yet their growth is never quelled;
And if I gaze again on them I'm sure that I'll be shamed,
And find my youth still seeking for the glory unbeheld.

The olive bears sweet resin and is topt with silver leaves,
And singing go the gardeners that hoe about the base,
And under it I'll soon forget the years that London thieves
And show, like all the hoary boughs, the sun a shining face.

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RUDYARD KIPLING

BY EDWARD SHANKS

[*Mr. Shanks is assistant-editor of the* London Mercury, *author of several books, and well known in England as a critic and poet. In* 1919 *he was winner of the Hawthornden Prize for imaginative literature.*]

From the *London Mercury, January*
(Literary Monthly)

It does not happen very often in English literature that the political opinions of a writer interfere with critical judgment of his work. Even at the beginning of last century, when the fear of all new things was powerfully aided by the fear of a particular new thing across the Channel which would be physically disagreeable if it ever came to England — even then the persecution of literary radicals seemed a little unnatural and a little absurd. Since then the question cannot be said to have arisen until the appearance of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Tennyson wrote a good many poems on public subjects; but it would be hard to conceive of opinion as to his poetic merits being moved by them, either one way or the other. Browning wrote a sonnet called 'Why I am a Liberal'; but do many readers know what precisely were the reasons he gave? Morris preached Socialism; and his work in all kinds was acutely appreciated by the rich. In truth, as a rule, the English keep their enjoyment of literature and their interest in politics in separate compartments; and the political ideas of a poet or a novelist very rarely seem to them to be a genuine or an important part of the man himself.

With Mr. Kipling, however, it is altogether different. Since the height of his first fame he has been held to be a political figure; and political points of view are almost always evident in critical considerations of his work, whether admiring or adverse. Mr. Kipling, so far as I know, never has complained and, it may be suspected, never would complain of this. If it gets him severe and obstinate opponents, it also gets him enthusiastic admirers. . . . Politics is really his ruling and most permanent interest. In the whole-heartedness with which he takes a side, preaching both its general doctrines and its particular manœuvres, in the earnestness with which he publicly admonishes the entire nation on its own public affairs, we must find a comparison for him, if anywhere, abroad, for there is none to be found at home. His position, that is to say, in his writings, must be compared with the position of Hugo in France or of D'Annunzio in Italy — in his writings only, it must be confessed. The English nation has made something of a concession in taking so seriously his utterances on public matters. It might not have made the further concession which would have been necessary if he had come definitely to the day-to-day handling of day-to-day politics. Yet there was a time when he was almost himself a symbol rather than a creator or celebrator of symbols, just as D'Annunzio was the symbol of Italy's movement into the war.

Mr. Kipling's sudden and amazing upward rush into fame, over thirty

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years ago, coincided with the beginning of a period of English history which attained its melancholy culmination in the South African War. He came from India, both by birth and by early employment — employment during years which must have been decisive in forming a mind so precociously developed and since so little open to change. He came to England from India with this at least definitely settled in his thoughts, that (I am expressing it as mildly as possible) Liberal opinions on the treatment of subject races were in several particulars much mistaken. This sprang by no means from a mere self-complacent belief in the superiority of the white race or from mere contempt for the 'nigger.' It sprang from a genuine love of efficiency and order. Mr. Kipling saw the English ruling India, as he thought, efficiently. He was far from despising the native races of India; it is even fair to say that he loved them; but he saw in their subordination a necessary principle of order, which ought not to produce shame. Even in that gentle book *Kim*, the country-bred boy, who has spent most of his life as a native, is made to assert his Sahib's superiority over the Bengali Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, who is his departmental superior. Kim does not much like doing it, but he knows it is the duty of his blood, and he does it, and is applauded, while the Babu acquiesces.

It is not my business to discuss here the value of these ideas. The point is that Mr. Kipling, fully possessed of them, brought them to an England which was fully ready for them. Those were the days when songs were sung with such refrains as 'Paint another red patch on the map'; and the opinion was generally held that there were still a good many parts of the globe which could be ruled more efficiently by the English than by their own inhabitants. Those were the days when the young Cecil Rhodes made the first of his grandiose wills, leaving all his fortune — not then very great — for the foundation of a secret society which was to have as its object the Anglo-Saxon domination of the world. Into this world came Mr. Kipling, an able man, believing these ideas, possessed of practical knowledge from which to argue in their favor, and armed with a style which made it almost impossible not to read him. Hence came his leap into a position in English political thought and feeling which, it is safe to say, no other English imaginative writer — even Milton not excepted — has ever occupied. Hence, too, came the difficulty, which still exists, of looking at him dispassionately as an imaginative writer. We do not often mix together our enjoyment of literature and our partisan interest in politics, but when we do it we do it thoroughly.

So it comes about that we find even critics who maintain that Mr. Kipling does not write well. But he, that preacher of the gospel of efficiency, lives, in this, up to his own principles. He can write: by which I mean that he obviously never wastes even the merest shaving of his opportunities or of his great natural talents. He appeared in England, comet-like and amazing. His range of themes was exceedingly broad. He wrote about English soldiers in barracks in India, about Simla grass-widows talking among themselves in their own rooms, about the fighting and mating of seals on the beach of Novastoshnah, about Scottish engineers in the engine-rooms of tramp-steamers, and about horses in New England pastures. It was a marvelous display; and still the wonder grew that one very short lifetime could have included all that he seemed to know. . . .

Mr. Kipling is a reporter — probably the best reporter who ever lived. The first peculiar gift which made his suc-

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cess was that of being able at once to get a lively and convincing image of a thing, *even at second-hand.* In one of his stories certain subalterns from the East relate their experiences to Eustace Cleever, a celebrated author. At the end

> He replied with another quotation to the effect that, though singing was a remarkably fine performance, I was to be quite sure that few lips would be moved to song if they could find a sufficiency of kissing. Whereby I understood that Eustace Cleever, decorator and colorman in words, was blaspheming his own Art, and would be sorry for this in the morning.

The quotation is from James Thomson, an old favorite. It is a motive which occurs more than once in Mr. Kipling's middle period. Earlier he was merely omniscient. In the middle period he is uncomfortably aware of the real sources of his omnipotence. Later he grows resigned, mellow, and even a little contentedly humble.

At the beginning it is truly and irritatingly the reporter's omniscience. There is something revealing in the tendency of *Plain Tales from the Hills* to begin with authoritative and far-reaching generalizations: —

> There are more ways of running a horse to suit your book than pulling his head off in the straight. Some men forget this. Understand clearly that all racing is rotten — as everything connected with losing money must be. In India, in addition to its inherent rottenness, it has the merit of being two thirds sham, looking pretty on paper only. Everyone knows everyone else far too well for business purposes. How on earth can you rack and harry and post a man for his losings when you are fond of his wife and live in the same Station with him? He says, 'On the Monday following'; 'I can't settle yet.' You say, 'All right, old man,' and think yourself lucky if you pull off nine hundred out of a two-thousand-rupee debt. Any way you look at it, Indian racing is immoral, and expensively immoral, which is much worse. If a man wants your money he ought to ask for it, or send round a subscription list, instead of juggling about the country with an Australian larrikin; a 'brumby,' with as much breed as the boy; a brace of *chumars* in gold-laced caps; three or four *ekka*-ponies with hogged manes, and a switch-tailed demirep of a mare called Arab because she has a kink in her flag. Racing leads to the *shroff* quicker than anything else. But if you have no conscience and no sentiments, and good hands, and some knowledge of pace, and ten years' experience of horses, and several thousand rupees a month, I believe that you can occasionally contrive to pay your shoeing-bills.

This comes out of the mouth of a man in the very early twenties; and perhaps, if it were not so well expressed, it would be dismissible as such and therefore less irritating. But it is in fact the gay omniscience of every young man delivered with a skill in the use of words which makes it impossible to ignore. It is the reporter's gift; and early life is the time for the reporter to exercise it. He is still young, and his omniscience comes at second-hand; and just therefore it must be 'put over' with every ounce of weight he has at his command. Mr. Kipling's appetite for 'putting things over' came by eating. He was in a position where he must do it if he could. The necessity brought the gift to light; and the more he found that he could do it, the more diligently he sharpened the one knife that never failed him. He became a marvelous observer. One sees him again and again in his own stories the silent observer, standing carefully back so that he may not frighten the fish.

Nevertheless, this early work, with whatever cunning it may be done, is crude and raw in content. The author's main intention is to score his effect, and to do that he hits wherever an opening offers, careless of the direction. . . .

This unfair excess in the use of power

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may prove inexperience and a certain and peculiar lack of self-confidence. It ought not to suggest lack of competence. Mr. Kipling's ability to produce a definite effect in his own medium should never have been in doubt. He has an instinct for words and for the rhythms in which words may be used, and often shows it in a startling way. His poem called 'Boots (Infantry Columns)' has an almost maddening effect on the mind: —

Try — try — try — try — to think o' something different —
O — my — God — keep — me from goin' lunatic!
(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again!)
There 's no discharge in the war!

Count — count — count — count — the bullets in the bandoliers.
If — your — eyes — drop — they will get atop o' you —
(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again!)
There 's no discharge in the war!

It gives the movement of tired men on the march with a truth beyond admiration; and it brings itself home to readers who have never been in that state. Such renderings of physical things are surprising and effective and difficult, just because they are rarely attempted. But in nearly all his short stories Mr. Kipling approaches the rendering of subtler things with equal confidence in the power of words rightly used. His prose, even at the beginning, is a subtle and accomplished instrument. It is never what is meant by the opprobrious term 'mechanical': it is never dull and monotonous. But it often has the movement of one of those complicated machines which he himself, with many technical terms, loves to describe. The wheels revolve, levers appear and disappear, curious well-adapted appliances come into sight for a moment and are gone again. There is a rhythm and a repetition, but it is manifold and various in its details; and the mind does not grow weary with seeing the same things too soon again.

This is in the short stories. There was a sensation when Mr. Kipling attempted a novel; and the sensation of the failure is still looked back to, in spite of the fact that in a further attempt, in *Kim*, he has more or less succeeded. But *The Light that Failed* showed that he faltered on a long flight, though he had been so secure on short flights. And, though other points might be criticized, the principal weakness of the book lies in the fact that Mr. Kipling does not seem able to maintain the consistency of his characters over so long a span. The two children, Dick and Maisie, are well drawn; the two adults they eventually become are well drawn; but between the two pairs there is no recognizable connection. At the beginning Mrs. Jennett objects to Maisie's goat: —

'Then,' said the atom, choosing her words very deliberately, 'I shall write to my lawyer peoples and tell them that you are a very bad woman. Amomma is mine, mine, mine!' Mrs. Jennett made a movement to the hall, where certain umbrellas and canes stood in a rack. The atom understood as clearly as Dick what this meant. 'I have been beaten before,' she said, still in the same passionless voice; 'I have been beaten worse than you can ever beat me. If you beat me I shall write to my lawyer peoples and tell them you do not give me enough to eat. I am not afraid of you.'

How could this decisive and strong-charactered child grow into the characterless girl who afterward fails Dick merely for want of strength and clings on feebly to a vocation in which she has no hope of real success but from which she still hopes to obtain a few laudatory press-cuttings? Her inability to rise to the occasion and make a real use of herself in something real

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provides the little flame of observed life which illuminates the second half of the book. This is an excellent study of character and motive (Dick's own attitude is a trifle stagy) so far as it goes. But it does not go very far. The rest of the story, with the girl who ruins Dick's picture while he is asleep, sticks out her tongue at him and whispers, 'Bilked,' as she escapes, is merely clever improvisation. It is well done: it fills up the space round the small fragment of important truth which Mr. Kipling has to tell. But it is cheaply crude in conception, at best a skillful playing on the nerves of the reader; and again one regrets that so much skill should be wasted on a thing so little worth doing.

In *Kim* this inability to cover a long span is not so noticeable. *Kim* has not the organic construction and development of a story. The tale of Kim's birth and its discovery, of his upbringing, and of his first great adventure in men's work, is not very interesting and does not so much hold the attention that one fails to observe how often, as a tale, it flags. The importance of the book lies in its long leisurely portrayal of British India, in its assemblage of vividly sketched persons, among whom the old Lama, thoroughly understood and beautifully represented, is the best. The Lama is indeed perhaps the best of all Mr. Kipling's characters. He is shown at more length, and with more result for the length than any other.

But undoubtedly Mr. Kipling's gift is rather for the sudden light on character which can be shown in a short story than for any continuous or exhaustive exposition. Certain characters occur again and again in his tales — Stalky and his companions, Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris. But there is never any attempt at development. The effect of character is built up just enough to make each episode credible and solid, and no more. It is worth remarking that the adventures of Stalky, Beetle, and M'Turk begin at a point when, as schoolboys at least, they are beyond change. And indeed they do not change from the moment at which they trespass on Colonel Dabney's estate to that in which they bribe Mary Yeo to kiss Tulke. Stalky appears once again as a subaltern, when he might still be a schoolboy, and once again as a battalion-commander — when he might be anybody.

It is when Mr. Kipling attempts something out of his range that he betrays his worst weakness. This worst weakness is the tendency to use his gifts of personality, persuasion, and vividness, his reporter's gifts, to 'put over' something not worthy of the resources lavished on it. When he thus exerts himself he secures what may be called a triumph of brute strength over the good taste which is too delicate properly to defend itself. One's first admiration of Mr. Kipling too often leaves behind it a feeling of having been overcome by unfair force; but if he uses brute strength he also admires it and judges only on immediate results.

In the short stories, however, this temptation to him can be, by the nature of the thing, lacking throughout an entire piece. And as a writer of short stories he does undoubtedly come first in the English language. Mr. Wells, to take one example, who was obviously much influenced by him, deserves to be mentioned in the same category. But Mr. Wells has attempted other things — and succeeded with them — and has not given the whole of his time or the best of his wits to this particular form, in which he has not Mr. Kipling's range or his variety. There are others, but space is too short to mention them here. The canon of

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Mr. Kipling includes some fourteen volumes; and the stories are of all sorts, gay and grave, exotic and domestic. The classification of them would make an admirable theme for a *Doktorfrage;* but, having said something already on the diversity of their subjects, I must leave that alone.

The point to be observed is that here can be seen the curve of Mr. Kipling's development from the early arrogance of

> He heard the sound that a man never forgets all his life — the '*ah-yah*' of an angry crowd. (When that sound drops about three tones, and changes to a thick, droning *ut*, the man who hears it had better go away if he is alone.)

through the somewhat uneasy maturity of 'The Finest Story in the World' to the mellow and golden autumn of 'Friendly Brook.' It is as though Indian suns (but surely he was not very long in India) had saturated him with raw light, which it has needed decades of more temperate weather to soak out of him again. His gift of understanding, of seizing the heart of a situation, was never in doubt. . . .

There are those indeed who consider that Mr. Kipling deservedly made his reputation in the early nineties and that since then he has been nothing but a shadow of his younger self. Yet, it may be proper to ask, may not the shadows cast by so violent a light prove to be of more value than its own rays? For me, at any rate, up to the publication of his last collection of stories, Mr. Kipling's work has grown increasingly satisfying. The dazzling, enchanting skill remains; but the rawness and violence of the feelings, or the appeal to the reader's feelings, is diminished. The first ponderable sign of the change is marked perhaps by the publication of *Kim* in 1901. It appears in such stories as 'An Habitation Enforced' and in the gracious details of *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies.* In 'Friendly Brook' the exquisite power of description is as strong as ever it was. . . .

I may have seemed to write sneeringly or slightingly of much of Mr. Kipling's earlier work. If one considers his writings as a whole one is haunted by a sense of huge talents taking too often a path of least resistance which an equally admirable ingenuity much too easily discovers. Thus haunted, it is only too easy to fail to give any impression of his range and versatility, to forget to mention with the rest such things as the solid, contenting horseplay of 'My Sunday at Home,' 'Brugglesmith,' and 'The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat.' But even where one sneers, even where one sees qualities improvable and improved by time, one quality is always obvious and must not be denied. There is an immense vitality in all this work. It has, for good or evil, set a fashion of surprising endurance and nothing without vitality could ever have set a fashion which endured so long.

Mr. Kipling may have learned — he certainly did from Stevenson, he may have done from Maupassant; but his is the spirit which beyond dispute can be traced in almost every page of the popular magazines both in England and in America.

When we come to look at his verse the same thing must be said. Most of it is rhetoric; but little of it is ineffective rhetoric.

There is much to be said against such writing as this: —

> Tom Hall stood up by the quarter-rail. 'Your words in your teeth,' said he.
> 'There 's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-Three.
> So go in grace with Him to face, and an ill-spent life behind,
> And I 'll be good to your widows, Rube, as many as I shall find.'

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A Strabound man shot blind and large, and a warlock Finn was he,
And he hit Tom Hall with a bursting ball a hand's breadth over the knee.
Tom Hall caught hold by the topping-lift, and sat him down with an oath.
'You 'll wait a little, Rube,' he said. 'The Devil has called for both.
The Devil is driving both this tide, and the killing-grounds are close,
And we 'll go up to the wrath of God as the holluschickie goes.
O men, put back your guns again and lay your rifles by,
We 've fought our fight, and the best are down. Let up and let us die!
Quit firing, by the bow there — quit! Call off the Baltic's crew!
You 're sure of Hell as me or Rube — but wait till we get through.'

One is inclined to begin by saying that the worst against this style is that it has raised up to itself so great a crop of quite intolerable imitations. But this very fact is, as a phenomenon, worthy of notice and even of admiration. Uncountable poets have been pricked to imitation and a large public applauds them. This is due no doubt to the fact that some generations in large well-policed towns have engendered in our race a platonic and disinterested love of violence; but it must be recorded that Mr. Kipling was the first man to put this dumb feeling into words. The style is bold and coarse. It derives from old ballads, but its boldness springs, not as there from naïve instinct, but perceptibly from civilized cunning. Its flavor is therefore different. Its swinging gait, deliberately adopted, is too mechanical to merge into the milder intimacies and humanities of the ballad.

But there are moments when Mr. Kipling, clearly with the same model in mind, gets nearer to the original. His besetting weakness is the desire to make an effect by the quickest and surest means: this style is a short cut to an effect. But occasionally — and often enough to make the sum of all the occasions impressive — his feeling about his subject quite overcomes this weakness.

Real feeling comes through in even 'Gentleman Rankers' — which is an example of an intermediary type between the ballad and the music-hall song — and in 'Ford o' Kabul River.' The merely dialect poems are connected with these; and it must be admitted that Mr. Kipling has once or twice raised the Cockney speech to the dignity of a poetic tongue: —

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;
There are n't a wave for miles an' miles
Excep' the jiggle from the screw.
The ship is swep', the day is done,
The bugle 's gone for smoke and play;
An' black ag'in the settin' sun
The Lascar sings: 'Hum deckty hai!'

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide —
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

Oh, I 'ave come upon the books,
An' frequent broke a barrick rule,
An' stood beside an' watched myself
Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool.
I paid my price for findin' out,
Nor never grutched the price I paid,
But sat in Clink without my boots,
Admirin' 'ow the world was made.

It is philosophical and beautiful, and, as an indispensable preliminary to these, it is sincere. The dialect might have been used patronizingly, merely with a view to 'quaintness.' But here the feeling of the poem transcends the accidents of the language and merely fixes them as part of its final success.

Thus it is throughout the whole of Mr. Kipling's work. He has always been described as a precocious writer; and it is very generally assumed that his early brilliance necessarily entailed exhausted and disappointing later years. It would probably be nearer the truth to say that those gifts which in him were the earliest to display them-

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selves needed time and hard work before they could be brought into their proper place. This prophet of coördination has found it no easy matter to coordinate his own talents. Now, and for some years past, he writes very little. But in most of what he writes now those early brilliant faults have been subdued and have become useful subsidiary virtues. Time, and severe impartial standards, winnowing his work, will winnow much of it away; but they will certainly leave something that is unique.

LAND HUNGER

BY LOVRO KUHAR

[Lovro Kuhar is among the latest appearances in Yugoslav literature. This autobiographical study was written upon his return from the World War, where he served first in the Austrian army and later as a Yugoslav Legionary against the Central Powers. He has published numerous short stories in Slovenian and Croatian periodicals. 'Land Hunger' is a vivid portrayal of the peasant moods that have led to sweeping changes in the ownership of land throughout Eastern Europe from the Baltic to the Ægean.]

From *Ljubljanski Zvon*
(Slovenian Literary Monthly)

My father was a peasant. He had no land of his own; he rented it from others. We moved from one place to another; and the frequent moving stamped my youth with unpleasant memories. My earliest recollections are of a cheerful home in the country, an indescribably beautiful, sunshine-flooded place. But that was not my birthplace. When I was older, I learned that mother gave me life elsewhere and had brought me in her arms to this fairy-tale home. When I was about eight years old, father and I happened to pass my birthplace.

'See, that is where you were born,' said father in a solemn voice. I looked and shuddered.

Presently we left the pleasant home on the hill. Why, I do not know; I think father had quarreled with the owner. At that time I did not yet clearly comprehend such things.

I remember that moving. The sun was shining. In front of us someone drove a well-loaded wagon; behind it, father led the cow by a chain, and then I came with mother, who carried a baby, my brother, in her arms. Mother's eyes were red from weeping; she often glanced at me and at the little house which stood on the hilltop amid trees and sloping fields, flooded with sunshine. Whenever father looked back, mother would look at the ground and try to hide her grief. Coming to the edge of the wood, where the old home disappeared from view, she could no longer restrain herself and sobbed loudly.

Even as a baby I liked best to be near father. Whenever I could I ac-

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companied him at his tasks. He had a habit of talking to himself. At first, of course, I could not understand; but gradually I began to comprehend. He would often pause in his work, tighten his fists, and, forgetting my presence, sigh: 'Oh, if a man could own his own land, he would work with pleasure! But this way — Ah, if I could only buy some!'

Often he held lengthy discourses with himself; but as soon as he saw me near him, he looked confused, embarrassed. Thus I became conscious of his suffering very early. I heard his bones squeak, and saw how, under the hot sun or from exertion, the hot, dirty sweat streamed down his face, making his bushy moustache sticky and his clothing wet. Sometimes he took off his hat in the middle of his work, started to pray in a loud voice, and told me to pray, too.

Sometimes he filled his pipe and smoked, thoughtfully gazing into the dark tree-tops. On these occasions his eyes blazed with an especially fierce flame of longing.

'If it were mine . . .' he mumbled at intervals. Then his face would come under a shadow and he would again burden himself with the sack, starting on the last lap homeward.

Gradually I began to ponder over father's conversations with himself, which I had heard so often. I asked myself why we had no 'home of our own,' as father said. The question was too puzzling, and I decided to ask mother.

'Oh, there are many others who have n't got their own homes, just like us,' she answered.

'Why?' I persisted.

'Because it has always been this way.'

'Why has it always been this way?'

'Because it has! There must be poor people and rich people in the world. That 's how God made it!'

I was perplexed. God! Had n't both father and mother always taught me that He was infinitely good, merciful, and righteous? And this that I heard now was plainly an injustice! So, by an edict of God had my parents been doomed to live in poverty; but why? They were both so good and suffered so much day after day. Why could n't they have their own house and land, for which father so often so yearningly sighed? Why did n't God hear his plea? My young, developing mind could not understand this logic.

When speaking to others about him, father always referred to the count, on whose estate we had come to live, as '*gospod* count'; but in his own discourses, or sometimes when he was very angry, he spoke of him as 'that cursed count.' I had queer ideas of this count, whom I had heard mentioned very, very often, but whom I had never seen. They said that he lived somewhere far away in a great city, and that he was right next to the Emperor. Among the trees in the valley could be seen a great white castle, his summer home. Frequently I sat for hours gazing with a secret, curious fear at the splendid structure. I compared it with castles in fairy tales.

One day I ventured to ask father about the count.

'Is he a person just like us, that count?' I asked.

'He is and — Yes, he is like the rest of us,' father replied humbly.

'Why is he called a "count" then?' I asked.

'Because he is rich. They say he has blue blood; but I guess he has hell!' Then he proceeded to tell me something about the man's wealth. 'All this country that you see south of here is his. But this is only a trifle of what he owns. He has property like this in

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many other parts — factories, where thousands and thousands of workmen work for him day and night; and he has great palaces and castles. . . .'

I was amazed by his account of the count's wealth, and when I asked him how a man could become so terribly rich father was vexed and answered harshly: 'Poor people made it for him, like we are doing it for him here. But the Devil will take him the same as me!' By 'the Devil' he meant 'death,' I thought, and was satisfied with the explanation.

Then one day I saw the count. Though I was very small, I distinctly remember the event. It was an afternoon in summer. Mother and father were working in the field, while I was home, digging with a hoe a hole alongside a pond. Beside me my younger brother was playing in the dust. We were both dirty and muddy.

Suddenly a group of people appeared in the courtyard; among them I recognized the estate-manager from the castle, who had been frequently coming to the house. With him was a strange, very tall gentleman, quite ordinarily clothed, carrying a cane, and listening to the manager, who was evidently explaining to him an important matter. They went out to the front. Behind them walked a tall, beautiful lady who carried a parasol and was accompanied by a young and handsome gentleman with a smoothly combed head of hair. On his arm leaned a lovely girl, her throat bared. Her parasol and fan dangled from the young gentleman's other arm.

Behind them was running a boy of about ten years, playing with a common hazel-stick. As he saw us, he came over, stopped in front of us, and began staring at us arrogantly. The rest of them stayed in the yard, looking around, laughing and talking in a strange, incomprehensible language.

I was beginning to feel ashamed. I was conscious of my poverty and uncleanliness, and was thinking of hiding myself. My little brother sat in the dust, wholly undisturbed, holding his thumb in his mouth, as he was generally in the habit of doing. I had seen before *gospoda*, — gentry, — but these faces now before me seemed extraordinary, queer, strange, cold.

'Hey, you over there!' the estate-manager then spoke up with a voice of authority, which he immediately changed to a kind tone. 'Where is your father?'

I barely managed to stutter that father was in the field.

'Go quick and call him! Tell him that "gospod count" is waiting for him,' said the manager.

I ran as fast as my feet would take me and called father. When he heard who it was wanted to see him, he was terror-stricken for a spell, changing color and glancing at mother.

'Would you go?' he said. 'I wonder what he wants with me.'

'Being that he is calling you, go ahead and see. Everything is clean inside the house, so you can take them in.' Mother was trying to put him at ease.

Father went and I ran behind him. He was afraid of meeting the count, because, as an ordinary man, he did not know how to associate with the gospoda; perhaps also because his conscience bothered him. He took off his hat as if he already stood before the count, then again replaced it. He looked at his clothing, then at his huge, calloused, scarred hands, dirty with soil and manure. He tried to wipe them on his pants and asked me if he was black in the face. As I answered that he was not, he was relieved, and said: 'I don't care what I look like, anyhow. The count knows well enough that I am a workingman.'

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Finally we reached the house. The count's family had in the meantime seated themselves under the linden tree. Father removed his hat before he got anywhere near them, and, holding it in his hands, he approached the linden, stopped by the table, and greeted them respectfully.

'The count wishes to know you and see how you are getting along,' said the estate-manager.

'Good, good — I am contented — Quite well — ' father hurried to answer, and began to laugh, twirling his hat in his hands. When in embarrassing situations such as this, father had the habit of laughing aloud and continually, without having any reason for laughing. Then he thought of the possibility of the count's raising the rent, if he praised himself too much, and quickly added: 'Quite well; only, you see, one must work — work.' And he laughed again.

'Maybe the gospoda counts would like to drink a little cider?' he thought of saying. 'It is n't bad — not bad — quite good!'

The count turned to the rest of them, who showed interest; then the manager told father to go and get some.

Father brought out a large flagon of cider, as many glasses as there were mouths, and a large loaf of rye bread. He blew the dust off the table and placed everything before them.

The family helped themselves, laughed at the black bread, and nodded at the cider, while father stood by and laughed. He was growing bolder and spoke much, supposing that to talk was the proper thing to do. He said he hoped they would excuse him for having only black bread and remarked about how nice the count's children were.

Having rested themselves, they rose and the count wanted to pay for the bread and cider; but, as father declined payment, the countess stepped to my little brother, who was squatting near the fence, and pressed a gold piece in his dirty hand. The count and the countess then shook father's hand, and they left.

Father was extremely happy that their visit ended so well. He rubbed his hands and told mother how he had done it. He praised the count, and added that the higher gospoda were always easier to get along with than the lower class of gospoda. As he thought of it, he was sorry that he had not taken advantage of the occasion to ask the count for some favor that the manager would not grant him.

I was angered that my brother got the gold piece while I received nothing. But that was my own fault, as I, sensible of my misery, had hid myself in the barn and from there observed the event, which is still so indelibly impressed in my memory that even to-day I can clearly see my father standing before the count, trembling, holding his hat, laughing, his back bent by fear, his face even more miserable than usual, his heart doubtless beating in terrible anticipation — a scene the memory of which often grips my throat till it almost chokes me.

Very early in my life father set me to work. No wonder; for he was terribly busy — he could hardly endure it. First I had to drive the oxen over the field after he had sown it with grain. Then I became a shepherd. As a still very small boy, I had to rise at dawn and herd the few head of cattle into the woods. As I grew, my tasks increased. Accustomed too early to suffering, I became headstrong, morose, despondent and timid. I especially hated the estate-manager, who was always an unwelcome caller at 'our' home. He was short and fat and dark-skinned — in short, very repug-

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nant to behold. Father abhorred him from the bottom of his proletarian soul, and when out of his hearing he called him 'that hound'; but when he came to the house father respectfully removed his hat and addressed him as 'gospod manager.' He was spiritless, meek, and humble in his presence and called him 'that hound' in his absence — something I am still unable to understand.

Presently it occurred to me that my father was but a slave on the count's estate, a tool in the hands of the unscrupulous castle-manager — in every sense of the word, a thing without rights. The realization that I was the son of a slave was tightening its hold upon me, until it finally settled in my heart. This realization prompted me to reflect upon my understanding of father's sighs — 'Oh, if the soil, which I work, were mine, I would toil with pleasure!' — which I had heard so often.

The truth of his sighs I felt especially keenly from the moment when, as a toiler, I first shed my sweat for someone else's land. But, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding that unpleasant realization, there awoke in me a deep love for this soil. I grew to love these fields, these pastures, these dark woods, for which the manager constantly trembled in anxiety; and I wished, I yearned, that all this were the property of my parents. My desire for our own land grew and gave rise to ever stronger longings; and finally, unnoticed, it changed into a terrible thirst for property, which is usually called 'peasant egoism.'

The struggle of life continued in our home. Father and mother toiled day and night, their backs bending, their bodies waning and aging in the never-ending struggle for bread — a struggle wearisome and bitter.

The manager continued coming to the house, and father, hating him from the depth of his soul, feared and avoided him. But when they met he always pulled off his hat and greeted him meekly and cajolingly. The manager's disposition varied. If he had quarreled at home with his wife, then he was fierce and poured out his wrath upon us. On such occasions nothing suited him; the ditch along the road was not clean, a board on the barn was loose, or a broken twig on some tree had not been removed. Father promised to do everything and brought him cider from the cellar, while mother baked sausages and made scrambled eggs for him, in order to direct his mind into other channels. After the manager had left, father was always sorry for the cider and the food they had given him.

Sometimes there was a shortage of wood for fuel in the house. Mother urged father to ask the manager for some, but father would only nod. Next time they met, he would recall his promise to mother, but would not dare to open his mouth. Then at the last moment, when the manager would be already leaving, he would hesitatingly step after him. The manager would notice this and immediately understand that the old man wanted something.

'Well, what do you want now?' he would usually ask.

'You know, gospod — I hope you will not mind — You see, my woman — well, I am telling her every day, but it does n't do any good. The old woman has already used up all the wood you gave me the last time.'

'Oho! Again!' the manager would exclaim. He was selling wood without the count's knowledge and allowed the tenants to get along with what he could not dispose of. Then he would say that father and his old woman could not save anything and were

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trying to swallow up the whole estate. Father humbly listened to everything the manager said, and later he repeated his words to mother.

Then mother would cry every time and say: 'Oh, if God would only end this one way or another!'

Sometimes they quarreled fearfully, shouting at and threatening each other, until mother fled before father and hid herself. While this was going on, we children cried, and I was especially afraid for mother, who then cried and cried, without consolation. I remember that once, when still very small and disobedient, I had the courage to step before father, my fists closed, and tell him that he was cruel. Father shouted at me, but shortly after quieted down. After each quarrel he would not speak a word for days and his face showed how sorry he was.

As with wood, father had to go through nearly the same process with the manager in order to procure litter for the animals, of which there was always a scarcity. Tenants could not go into the count's forest and cut litter as peasants did in theirs; we were only permitted to rake leaves and clean the brush, but that was not sufficient for the bedding of the animals father was trying to keep, and for the manure he needed for the fields. To get it, he had to 'steal' it.

Usually early in the morning, when in his opinion the castle people still slept, or toward evening, sometimes even by moonlight, he would climb on some tall, broad-topped pine and here or there chop off a branch or limb, so no one could tell. I piled up these branches and twigs, as he threw them down, meantime alertly looking out for the manager. As I was instinctively aware of what would happen if we were caught, I had my eyes always wide-open; and the manager knew nothing about this 'thievery.' Father chopped until we got a wagonload, and then we hurriedly hauled it home with oxen. Quite often we worked at this late into the night.

Then one day the manager surprised us. On that occasion my little brother was with us. It was in the evening, just before dark. Father was chopping off branches and I was piling them up, when suddenly I heard someone's steps behind me. I turned and beheld the very much astonished fat countenance of the manager. He must have been walking through the forest and heard the sound of chopping. Instantly I became aware of a great crisis.

'What is this?' he demanded, looking up, whence a branch was about to descend. His face changed colors — red, green, yellow, pale. I was under a terrific tension. I did not dare to breathe. On the edge of the forest my brother started to wail. Then something stirred among the branches and a moment later my father came sliding down the trunk. He placed himself before the manager as if he wanted to say: 'Well, here I am, the sinner!'

The manager was dumfounded for a moment; then he began to curse father, and at last informed him that we would have to vacate within a month.

Broken in spirit, we started home, and on the way father threatened to do to us something or other if we told mother about it. But mother, who was afraid of this very thing, immediately saw in father's depressed features and our scared-to-death faces what had happened. Against his will, father told her everything during supper. That night I could not sleep, and from the adjoining room, where she slept with father, I heard mother's subdued sobbing.

'Don't cry, please don't!' I heard father say. 'It will turn out somehow.'

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'We must go!' mother wailed.

'Gladly, if we had some place to go. I have a good mind to go and buy myself a roof of my own. But it is hard right now; there is so much work — have to mow the aftermath and cut the oats.'

Mother sighed.

'After all, he can't kick me out, though he thinks he can. But you should have seen the way he looked at me! Maybe he will tell the count and he, too, might punish me some way. The best thing to do would be to go and beg him to forgive me. It might soften his heart. How about your going to see him?'

'I?' sobbed mother.

'Yes, you. He has nothing against you. He might listen to you. Suppose you talk to the lady first, eh?'

'I should hate to go,' said mother.

'Of course; but think if you succeed! I would go myself, but he is surely very angry at me. We poor people must swallow many things that others need not.'

'I will take along a couple of young chickens for the lady,' whispered mother, having decided to undertake the mission.

'Chickens? They cost money and we can't be throwing it away, but it may not work otherwise. Yes, take a couple of young roosters and give them to him.'

When I arose the next morning, she had already gone; and when she returned, her face was radiant, contented. I knew that everything turned out satisfactorily.

'At first he refused,' she told father, 'but then he softened up and said that personally he does n't care about it, but that such were the count's orders. He said we can stay — we can also keep that litter — but must not ever again do anything like it. He was very glad when I gave him the two roosters.'

We were all happy, but father most of all. 'If he will let me alone now for just a year more! Then I won't lick his boots any more,' he said. 'I must buy something this fall.'

In the course of years my parents had managed, with toil and through self-denial, to save up a small sum with which they planned to buy a home of their own and thus satisfy their great yearning. After the main work had been done, father had often gone away for a couple of days at a time, to look around to see if there was anything for sale that would come within his meagre means. We, who remained at home, lived in hope and planned what we should do in our new house. But he always returned without success, tired, hungry, and sad. Mother and we stood about him and listened.

'Could n't find anything — it was hard! One was too large, another was nothing but a coop; one up in the mountains, another . . . Besides, property is high. Got anything to eat? I ate little enough this morning; now it 's night.'

Then, as he saw our sad faces, he would add: 'Don't worry! If I did n't get it this time, I 'll get it another time.'

Thus it went year after year, but father never abandoned his dream of becoming an independent peasant. In this hope, in this faith in a better future, he lived and won all struggles for daily bread; with this hope also he filled us children, so that we believed in a better future with a faith of sunshiny optimism which permeated our souls and helped us to endure the conditions.

So it was also this time. Father went and returned after a few days, tired, hungry, without having bought a house — just as usual. Again he said: 'If not this time, next time.' He and the manager became reconciled and we remained on the estate as tenants.

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My father was a peasant through and through, his face like his soul, simple, open-hearted — a peasant nature, which ends on the horizon of an eye's vision. His hands were powerful and he trusted them infinitely; he believed in the product of his hands and loved it passionately. As a poor man, who was drawing the means of his existence from the cultivation of the soil, he was entirely dependent upon nature; and, therefore, he trembled in terror when the elements menaced his work, and again rejoiced when the danger passed. The fears of a poor tiller of the soil are ruinous.

In summertime, during the months when storms were frequent, father carefully contemplated every mist or fog. At sunrise he would try to figure out what sort of day it would be at sunset and what kind of day would follow it. During the day he would often follow the drifting clouds. There was one hill which, very likely after its owner, he called Marigoi's Hill; and if a fog or a mist enveloped this hill father was certain that a storm was approaching.

One day we were getting in hay from the meadows. A few small clouds were dragging themselves across the firmament — nothing to indicate danger. Suddenly they began to grow, widen — and father became restless; he feared that it might spread over to Marigoi's Hill. Both he and mother then started to work with redoubled speed. They raked and loaded hay on the wagon so fast that sweat literally streamed down their faces. Now and then father took off his shirt and wrung out the sweat. In the meantime he was glancing at Marigoi's Hill.

'Oh, if it stays nice only for an hour longer, then we shall be safe! If rain comes, we are going to have manure, not hay! Only an hour longer — O Lord, give it to us!' he sighed, running like mad between the windrows and urging us to hurry, hurry.

But the clouds were nearing the horizon ever more threateningly. Then all at once father cried out in despair: 'O Satan! It's already over Marigoi's!'

That made it certain that the tempest was on its way. The hay lay over the meadow, sending pleasant fragrance into the atmosphere. We could feel the tension produced by the approaching downpour. Everybody worked at top speed, to save what could be saved; but presently the fateful hill disappeared from view and a light mist came drifting toward us.

'It's coming, it's coming! Get the oxen and we go!' ordered father.

As the wagon moved away, father threw another few forkfuls of hay on top; then he took a last sad look at the hay left behind and came running after us.

In the meanwhile the sky had become very dark and hung low above the region. A breath of chilling wind stirred the leaves on the trees, which emitted a sad rustle. Birds lapsed into silence and flew low above our heads, fearful, alarmed, horrified. A streak of lightning — then a prolonged roar of thunder in the distance — a few drops.

'Everybody in the house! Throw some holy wood on the fire and sprinkle some holy water outside!' father ordered, and mother hastened to make the fire and sprinkle some water around the corners.

We children squatted inside and waited in terror.

'Pray!' yelled father at us and we all dropped on our knees and began to pray aloud. At every stroke of lightning we paused for an instant and crossed ourselves. When an especially powerful bolt shook the region, we stopped in terror and waited until father again shouted: 'Pray!'

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Then we resumed our prayers and listened to the ever-increasing drumming of raindrops on the roof, which so strangely echoed in our young, terror-stricken souls.

Father stood by the window and looked outside.

'Oh, curse it! It's hail, hail, hail!' he cried painfully.

On the courtyard hailstones began to bounce — only a few now and then, mostly the size of grain. But father was scared to death. In a few minutes there came down a terrible avalanche of ice.

Now father could no longer bear his agony.

'Hail, hail — ' he wailed. 'My wheat, my wheat, my beautiful wheat — What will we eat? And the fruit! Look, how it beats! Everything is ruined. O Satan, thou ruthless Satan!'

In terror and confusion we often stopped in our prayers, and then father would howl at us: 'Pray and ask God to turn away this tempest!'

And we again prayed, our pleading gazes turned toward the crucifix in the corner.

Father walked from one window to the other, looking into the yard and cursing.

'The Devil will take everything! Just look at it! The place is white with it! Everything gone to the Devil! Pray, and don't stare at me like that! Oh, oh, oh! O Satan! Pray! Nine Satans! Now we are beggars, the whole bunch of us! O God, help us, have mercy upon us!'

In his furious, frantic despair, he drove us to frenzied praying; for he was convinced that we were innocent and that God could not help listening to us. He himself was so frightfully alarmed that he could not pray; besides, he considered himself a sinner and had no faith in the validity of his prayer.

When the storm passed, we went outside. Father made quick estimates of the damage and walked like a beaten dog among the ruined groves.

But when the sun appeared again his face suddenly cleared, notwithstanding the fatal blow he had received.

'God gave it, God took it!' he said. Then he turned to me: 'Harness the oxen; we'll go to plowing!'

He once again placed his hope and the toil of his hands upon nature's arms, with the same faith and trust as if nothing had happened.

The struggle continued, a hard fight, killing the minds and nerves; never-ending, it seemed; almost hopeless — as in the legend which tells about the building of a house, the material for which was brought together by birds in their beaks. But father fought valiantly.

'I will buy myself my own land, so I may die upon my own!'

And truly one day he bought it — a piece of land with a house and a strip of woodland — very modest, but to him it was wonderful.

'Now I am my own master!' he said.

And when he set his plough for the first time into his own soil, and as he walked behind his plough, old and bent, his face deeply furrowed — then he looked at peace, content.

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WINTER EVENINGS

BY S. T. H. PARKES

From *To-Day, December*
(LITERARY PAMPHLET)

A COMFORTLESS place must have been this Merrie England of ours in foul weather when the houses of the commonalty had few books, no artificial light save rush candles, and but scant furniture; when there were no mails, and when country folk must needs live mostly out of doors and go to bed with the sun. Winter in those days more than justified the many biting epithets that our earlier poets coined in its dispraise; but as domestic comfort increased with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the change is reflected in contemporary literature. The author of *The Task* has traced the progress of household furniture from three-legged stool to sofa.

The 'twanging horn' of Cowper's postboy still echoes on the frosty air; and that matchless prelude to the 'Winter Evening,' which yielded profit to his publisher and fame to the poet, brings even now its annual reminder to the bookish. It bids us stir the fire, and close the shutters fast, let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round, and, with congenial society whether of friends or books, so let us welcome peaceful evening in.

The scene pictured is kindly, gracious, but austere.

> O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. . . .
> I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
> And dreaded as thou art! . . .
> I crown thee King of intimate delights,
> Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
> And all the comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
> Of long uninterrupted evening know.

Though pleased with its aroma — 'my greenhouse,' he writes to neighbor Bull, 'wants only the fumes of your pipe to make it perfectly delightful' — the poet naturally does not include in the drawing-room hospitality at Olney any reference to tobacco; and the cups that cheer are scarcely, perhaps, to the liking of all.

Writing 'To His Retired Friend, An Invitation to Brecknock,' the seventeenth-century poet Vaughan infuses into his lines somewhat of wished-for warmth and conviviality: —

> Here lives that chymic, quick fire which betrays
> Fresh spirits to the blood, and warms our lays.
> I have reserv'd 'gainst thy approach a cup
> That were thy Muse stark dead, shall raise her up. . . .
> Come then! and while the slow icicle hangs
> At the stiff thatch, and Winter's frosty pangs
> Benumb the year, blithe — as of old — let us
> 'Midst noise and war, of peace and mirth discuss.

'Winter Evenings, the world shut out,' seem a favorite theme with writers of the eighteenth century, that genial age, never apparently to return, of cultured leisure, security, and contentment.

Much as might be said, and was said, by Cowper, Miss Austen, and others in praise of a greenhouse or a 'gazebo,' most readers, possibly, will agree with Charles Lamb: 'I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading; I cannot settle my spirits to it.' It were interesting to speculate on what he and his circle would have had to say about 'Summertime.' Natural time, or 'God's time,' would seem to have tried

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their patience occasionally. Writing to Bernard Barton, Lamb quotes Coleridge: 'Summer has set in with its usual severity'—'severity,' forsooth—and Elia himself laments, 'Deadly long are the days, these summer all-day days, with but a half-hour's candlelight and no firelight.'

Let us take leave of this dear lover of books under more congenial surroundings; recording old Enfield memories, Mr. Westwood incidentally recalls this pleasant picture: 'I see the room now; the brisk fire in the grate, the lighted card-table some paces off, Charles and Mary Lamb and Emma Isola seated round it . . . the old books thronging the old shelves, the Titian and da Vinci engravings on the walls.'

Macaulay somewhere describes a scholar as one who reads Plato 'with his feet on the fender.' That is very well for a scholar, but, scholar or no scholar, where else would one choose to read the great philosophers and masters of English prose, whether Bacon, or Burton, or Sir Thomas Browne? Or one's favorite dramatist, or novelist, or essayist? We owe indeed more than fireside enjoyment to the rigor of winter. A friendly foreigner attests the bracing influence of our climate on the national character. 'The Englishman,' he exclaims, 'carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle among all the deliriums of mankind.'

Elsewhere in his recently published *Soliloquies*, Mr. Santayana notes the truly English appreciation of creature comforts reflected in the writings of Charles Dickens: 'There is the ruddy glow of the hearth; the sparkle of glasses and brasses and well-scrubbed pewter; the savory fumes of the hot punch, after the tingle of the wintry air.' He concludes a noble tribute to the novelist with these memorable words: 'In every English-speaking home, in the four quarters of the globe, parents and children will do well to read Dickens aloud of a winter's evening; they will love winter, and one another, and God the better for it. What a wreath that will be of ever-fresh holly, thick with bright berries, to hang to this poet's memory — the very crown he would have chosen.'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

ENGLISH SONGS

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

[*To-Day*]

In autumn when the air is still
And leaves hang heavy on the boughs,
How sadly sound from holt and hill
The echoes English songs arouse.

With old songs, new songs, low songs, slow songs,
Mournfully all the echoes rouse.

But oh! in spring, the merry English spring
When buds stand light upon the boughs,
How cheerily all the uplands ring
With the echoes English songs arouse.

With old songs, new songs, gay songs, May songs,
Merrily all the echoes rouse.

TO A LADY WITH A MANDOLINE

BY S. MATTHEWMAN

[*The Lute of Darkness*]

Suppose the Dead could come once more to earth,
In things inanimate to find life again
About the ways in which they walked with men,
I think I 'd choose to wake in my new birth
As some sweet mandoline or low-voiced lute,
That your slim, graceful fingers might caress
My strings to music, and in gentleness
Quicken my long-dead voice, that else were mute.

And all my thoughts within your soul should be
A quiet music, full of lovely things,
Till thought grew fragrant like a soft perfume,
And all life seemed a perfect melody
Of unseen fingers rippling over strings
At cool of evening in a darkened room.

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TOLSTOI'S EXCISIONS IN 'WAR AND PEACE'

WHILE engaged in the preparation of a revised edition of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, M. Paul Birukov, biographer of the great novelist, has discovered a number of excisions made by Tolstoi after the book was in print but before publication.

Only in the second edition did the novel definitely receive the title *War and Peace*, and this text has since served as the basis for other editions. M. Birukov, however, bethought him of consulting the files of the *Russian Messenger* for 1865 and 1866, in which the first two parts appeared, and also the proof sheets of the so-called '1805' edition, which are kept in the Chertkov Library in the Historical Museum at Moscow. With these two authoritative sources before him, he soon found that Tolstoi had eliminated ruthlessly, sometimes leaving out whole episodes, one of which we reprint below. In one of the last passages Tolstoi defends himself against the critics of his historical views and methods, vigorously refuting the charge that his historical views were either already old or even abandoned by students. Some of the other eliminated sections have no particular interest.

All of the following passage is in Chapter Three of the first part, immediately after the description of Vicomte de Mortemart telling the story of the conversation between the Duke of Enghien and Napoleon.

'When I had the happiness for the last time of seeing the Duke of Enghien, of sad and yet happy memory,' began the Vicomte, with a gentle melancholy in his voice and casting a glance about at his auditors, 'His Lordship was talking about the beauty and genius of La Grande George in most flattering terms. Who is there that does n't know that charming and talented woman!

'I expressed my surprise at the knowledge the Duke showed when he had been absent from Paris during the past few years, but the Duke smiled and told me Paris was not so far from Mannheim as it seemed. I was terrified and expressed to His Highness fears as to the possible results of his visit to Paris.

'"My lord," I said, "who knows whether we are not surrounded with traitors and spies, and who knows whether your visit to Paris, no matter how secret we keep it, may not become known to Bonaparte?" But the Duke of Enghien vouchsafed no answer except a smile, with that chivalry and forcefulness that distinguished his family.'

'"The House of Condé, a branch of laurel grafted on the tree of the Bourbons," as Pitt recently said,' remarked the Prince Vassili, in a monotonous voice as if he were dictating to an invisible copyist.

'Pitt was quite right, too,' said his son Hippolyte, approvingly, as he turned his whole body around abruptly in his armchair and stretched out his legs on the other side, meantime snatching up his eyeglass and looking at his father.

'In short,' went on the Vicomte, addressing himself in preference to the beautiful Princess, who never took her eyes off him, 'I had to abandon Etenheim and did not learn until afterward that the Duke, drawn by his usual chivalry, had gone to Paris and done

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Mlle. George the honor not merely to be charmed by her, but to pay her a visit.'

'But he was very fond of the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort,' interrupted Anna Pavlovna. 'People used to say they had been secretly married,' she added, obviously shocked at the turn of the story, which she seemed to think was a little too free to be told in the presence of a young girl.

'One love affair does n't stop another one,' returned the Vicomte with a quick smile, paying no attention at all to Anna Pavlovna's fears. 'The main thing is that Mlle. George was enjoying the intimate acquaintance of another man before she got to know the Duke.'

He stopped a moment.

'That man's name was Bonaparte,' he went on, glancing around at his listeners.

Anna Pavlovna also looked around her, thinking that the conversation was taking a more and more scandalous turn.

'Eh bien!' went on the Vicomte, 'this new Sultan from the *Thousand and One Nights* was not too proud to go rather often to spend his evenings with the most beautiful and charming lady in France. And Mlle. George — ' he stopped again and shrugged his shoulders expressively, 'Mlle. George made a virtue of necessity. Bonaparte was an uncertain fellow, who usually came in the evening without making an appointment in advance.'

'Oh, I see what is going to happen. I am all goose-flesh,' said a pretty little Princess with a quick motion of her smooth round shoulders. The old lady who had been sitting all evening long next her aunt joined the circle round the story-teller with a slow, sad smile.

'Is n't it terrible,' said she, although we had not heard the end of the story; but nobody paid any attention to her or to her remark. The Prince Hippolyte broke out abruptly at the top of his voice, 'Mlle. George in the part of Clytemnestra — admirable!'

Anna Pavlovna held her peace, uneasy and uncertain in mind whether the Vicomte's story was proper or improper. On the one hand, a visit to an actress; on the other hand, the Vicomte de Mortemart, related to the Montmorencies by the Rohan family, and all that the Faubourg Saint-Germain represented, who was disclosing these improprieties. Who can tell what is proper and what is improper?

'One evening,' went on the Vicomte, becoming more animated, 'this Clytemnestra, having stirred a whole theatre by her amazing interpretation of Racine, went home to get some rest after the fatiguing emotion of the stage. She was not expecting the Sultan.'

Anna Pavlovna trembled at the word Sultan. The little Princess lowered her eyes and did not smile.

'But suddenly the maid announced the former Vicomte Rocroi, who wanted to pay a visit to the great actress. Rocroi was the name that the Duke used for an alias. He was received,' added the story-teller, and then fell silent for several seconds, as if to imply that he was not going to say all he knew. Then he went on: 'The table was sparkling with glass, with porcelain, with enamel, with silver; covers were laid for two. The minutes fled by lightly and pleasantly.'

At this part of the story Prince Hippolyte suddenly let a strange sound escape him, which some took for a cough, others for a sneeze or a laugh. He hastily thrust back his monocle, which had fallen from its place. The story-teller paused with an expression of amazement. Anna Pavlovna spoke up for fear the Vicomte would not go on with his interesting description.

'Don't keep us waiting, Vicomte,' she said. The nobleman smiled.

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'Pleasure transformed the hours into minutes, when suddenly the bell was heard, and the terrified maid came running in to say that that terrible mameluke of Bonaparte was ringing and his terrible master already stood at the foot of the staircase.' Then the Vicomte went on to tell how Mlle. George begged the Duke to hide and how the Duke told her he would never hide for anybody, and how Mlle. George said to him, 'My lord, you owe your sword to the King and France.' And how in the end the Duke concealed himself in the next room, and how when Napoleon began to feel ill the Duke came out and saw Bonaparte before him.

'A fine fix — a pretty situation,' came from all parts of the room. Even Anna Pavlovna, who knew by this time that the most questionable part of the story had happily been passed, calmed down and was able to enjoy the recital. The Vicomte warmed up to his task and spoke loudly with the animation of an actor.

'The enemy of his house, the usurper of the throne that belonged to his family, was there before him, swooning on the floor, lifeless, perhaps dying. As the sublime Corneille says,

Une maligne joie en son cœur s'élevait
Dont sa gloire indignée a peine le sauvait.

The Vicomte paused, and, to give his recital still more force, smiled as if he wished to calm the ladies, who seemed a little disturbed, but plainly taking advantage of the pause. The beautiful Hélène looked at her watch, exchanged a glance with her father, and got up at the same time as he did. By this movement she disturbed the circle and interrupted the story.

'We are going to be late, Papa,' she said simply, with her usual dazzling smile.

This was the end of the story: —

'The Duke of Enghien took out of his pocket a large flask of rock crystal, ornamented with gold, which contained a vital liqueur that he had received from his father, the Comte Saint-Germain. This liqueur, as he knew, had the power to restore life to the dead or the dying, but it must never be given to any save members of the House of Condé. Any stranger who tasted it would recover his health like a true Condé, but would become an irreconcilable enemy of the Duke's House. As an example people told the story how the Duke's father, who wished to cure his horse, gave him a little of the liqueur. The horse recovered, but immediately began to attempt the life of his rider again and again, and even carried him over into the camp of the Republicans during a battle. The Duke's father had finally to kill his favorite horse. In spite of everything the young and chivalrous Duke poured a few drops into the mouth of his enemy Bonaparte, and the monster came to himself.

'"Who are you?" asked Bonaparte.

'"I belong to the maid's family," replied the Duke.

'"It 's a lie!" cried Bonaparte.

'"General, I have no arms," replied the Duke.

'"What 's your name?"

'"I have saved your life," said the Duke.

'Well, the Duke went away and the magic drops produced their usual effect. Bonaparte conceived a violent hatred toward the Duke and from that day he swore to have the life of the unfortunate and generous young man. Having learned through his spies and by means of a handkerchief which the Duke had forgotten, on which was embroidered the scutcheon of the House of Condé, who his rival was, Bonaparte gave orders to invent a pretended plot between Pichegru and George, and then cause the heroic martyr to be

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arrested in the duchy of Baden and assassinated.

'The Angel and the demon. And that is the way the most abominable crime in history was committed.'

The Vicomte finished his story with these words, and, overcome with emotion, threw himself back in his chair. Everyone kept silence.

'The assassination of the Duke was worse than a crime,' said Prince André, with a slight smile as though he were teasing the story-teller. 'It was a blunder.' The Vicomte lifted his eyebrows and folded his arms, a gesture that could be interpreted in several ways.

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A COLONIAL AND THE MOTHER COUNTRY

In a pretty little booklet, privately printed in South Africa, Miss Ethel Campbell, granddaughter of one of the Natal pioneers, hits off with curious exactness the mingled emotions with which the British colonial looks back to the Mother Country. Her booklet is called *From a Durban Window.* We print below a few stanzas from one poem, entitled 'England': —

Her people close their feelings bar,
They take for granted what they are —
They 've never worshiped from afar
This wondrous Mother England!

I want to rush at them and cry:
'You live in England, don't you? Why
Not tell the Earth and tell the sky
You 're proud that yours is England!'

But if I did I think they 'd raise
Their eyebrows, saying in amaze:
'D' you think that England needs your praise?
Then you 've mistaken England!'

Why should it thrill me who have grown
From childhood in a tropic zone?
I 'd rather have the veldt, I own,
Than any sward in England.

Why should I love it half so well
As Africa? I don't! but fell
To some strange overpowering spell
That thralls my heart in England.

But somehow, strange as it may be,
I love it most from o'er the sea,
And England seems more real to me
When I am not in England!

Miss Campbell also ventures into the realm of entomology, quoting a paragraph from F. C. Selous, whose quarry is usually lions rather than cicadas: —

In Natal the cicadas, as they sing, are listened to by admiring groups of other insects, which fly to the tree where one is singing. The listeners are 'all ear,' and one or other of them will advance and touch the antennæ of the object of its admiration. Such marks of appreciation, however, are not to the taste of the cicada, who will sometimes strike out vigorously with its foot, causing its too obtrusive admirers to retreat to a more respectful distance, where they continue to listen with every sign of being extremely pleased.

Upon this sober and decorous bit of natural history, Miss Campbell bases this gay little fantasy: —

Hark! a gay parliament in session meets
  Deep in the Bush. The katydids shrill out
  Their very souls: some question, sure, about
What touches them most near. The cricket treats
The House to lengthy speech, while bees applaud.
  The raucous scanshals argue in dissent.
  The Opposition's feelings, hardly pent,
Burst forth; grasshoppers rasp, with one accord.
Swift back and forth the ball of croak'd debate
  The tree frogs toss; scudderias out shriek.
  At length the sage cicada 'gins to speak
With silvery note — all, hushed in silence, wait
Upon its words, stayed from their clamor rude.
Cicada peerless! Merriman of the wood.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Modern France. A Companion to French Studies. Edited by Arthur Tilley, M.A. Cambridge: The University Press, 1922. 35*s.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

A BOOK with so vast a plan must needs be dealt with cursorily. Written by specialists, an adequate criticism of it would be the work of a syndicate. Twenty-two writers are concerned in its construction, eight English, fourteen French, most of them professors; and its nearly nine hundred pages cover four centuries, recording the progress of history, civil and ecclesiastical, the army, navy, economic and social life, finance, law, education and learning, literature, architecture, painting, sculpture and decorative art, music, the stage, philosophy, mathematics, biology, chemistry, physics, optics, electricity, and radioactivity.

Whether the plan be as good as it has been difficult to carry out — and we read Mr. Tilley's account of the difficulties with sympathy — is a matter on which opinions may differ. Students will assuredly find it useful as a book of reference, though it is more and less than that. As such, it is bound to be accounted incomplete, for all its fullness, since it is not an encyclopædia. The work aims not only at recording achievements but at providing ready-made judgments for the student. Unity or proportion cannot be expected where a score of writers share responsibility; but when we consider that the historical section extends from the War of Religion to the separation of Church and State, the literary chapters from Marot to Péguy and Claudel, the scientific from Descartes to the Curies, and those on art from the Clouets to the Cubists, the book must be declared a marvel and a triumph for the editor, to whom it must have been a desperate undertaking.

The Old Country, by Ernest Rhys. London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1922. 4*s.* 6*d.*

[*English Review*]

THIS capital little book 'of the love and praise of England' was, Mr. Rhys tells us, originally designed and produced to delight the men at the front with some of the atmosphere of home. It is a scrapbook gathered together from the writings of those — not all Englishmen — who from the spacious days down to Rupert Brooke have had noble, pleasant, and descriptive things to say of English ideals and the English countryside. Mr. Rhys has added to his original idea and produced a banquet of hors d'œuvre very unlike a solid British meal, but for that very reason admirable. The essence of the thing is here, the sweet savor from many splendid feasts to set the mouth watering for more; so for those who like refreshment between meals, as well as for the many who have no time to take solid nourishment, this book of excerpts is excellent, if only as a remembrance of the passion of desire with which millions languished in France and Flanders and elsewhere.

It is a book of unusual interest, and the pictures are as apt to the purpose as the rest of the bill of fare — fine confused eating they, too. Herbert Railton's elegant observations of historical buildings and places, stylish bits of the essentially British H. M. Brock, color plates of a post-cardy sweetness all extraordinarily English, with everything handsome and nothing high-brow about them. A scrapbook, in short, very likable to all but the superior person, and just the sort of book for a hungry Tommy or that still hungrier youth which lacks the education of duty, discipline, and delight.

The Press and the Organization of Society, by Norman Angell. London: Labor Publishing Co., 1922. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[C. M. Lloyd in *London Mercury*]

MR. NORMAN ANGELL'S little book is a very able discussion of a profoundly important problem. The Press is clearly one of the most powerful instruments in the modern State, and, equally clearly, its exercise of its power is full of mischief. The popular newspaper of to-day can, and does, poison the public mind with lies; it can, and does, debase the public mind with twaddle. The fault does not lie merely, as some naïve souls appear to think, in the dominance of the advertiser with his 'all-deafening blast of Puffery,' nor in the naughtiness of 'capitalist proprietors.' Socialists have proved that they too know how to employ the device of 'selection and emphasis of news.' Nor is the solution of the problem, as Mr. Angell shows, to be found in such simple schemes as a State monopoly or 'Truthful Press Acts' or the signing of all articles.

The most hopeful line of reform is to make journalism 'a chartered profession like those of Law and Medicine, demanding certain qualifications and adherence to a certain code of professional conduct' — and then, perhaps, to set up one or more journals as a State Press, not, of course managed by the Government, but by a 'journalistic judiciary,' pledged to the impartial presentation of the news. If the journalist is allowed to save his own soul, he may save the public's. Mr. Angell offers some wise advice to the Labor movement on the question of how to es-

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tablish a decent Press of its own. But he is not very optimistic. The Trade Unions and Coöperative Societies, as he observes truly enough, have yet to learn how to combine democracy and efficiency.

The Public Library, by E. A. Baker, D. Litt. London: O'Connor, 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

This book is timely. Interest in the Public Library movement is growing. Dr. Baker, in a convenient compass, gives a history of the movement, the present situation in town and country areas, and the ideals, which remain to be realized, of the foremost librarians. Books are no longer the monopoly of a class. The day is passing — perhaps has passed — when every country seat had at least a library which might rival that of Leonora about which Addison wrote so pleasingly. Penury, with possibly suppressed culture, is the hallmark of modern aristocracy. The people are getting the libraries. This is a necessary sequence from national education. To teach the nation to read is to create a demand for reading matter. Hence the affirmation of the Philosophic Radicals (those logical redeemers) of the right of every citizen to an elementary education, paved the way for Cobden and others to agitate for the provision of library facilities. . . .

Dr. Baker would have added to the value of his book, therefore, had he devoted a chapter specifically to the books in a library. A censorship is one solution, but prohibition is no cure. Expurgated editions are the work of the Evil One, and, that being so, the position of the librarian involves grave responsibility. The only enduring solution is the creation of a finer taste — an instinct for the best — among future readers. No wonder there is an increase of interest to-day in the despised Victorian writers! Perhaps they lacked courage and fenced morality in a crinoline; but anyway they are not both warm and furtive.

In future editions of this book the syntax should be revised in one or two places. The matter of a library with a museum adjunct, with cross references between the two, is also worth consideration. More illustrations of municipal libraries should be given. The photograph of the Stepney Library is the only one which shows the people actually getting at the books. The other illustrations — of the King's Library, Lambeth Palace Library, the Oratory Library, and so on — lack human interest; the loaded and abandoned shelves rather give point to the old sneer of a library being a place where books are housed but not used. Dr. Baker's book as it stands, however, will render good service if it can be got into the hands of municipal authorities.

The Lute of Darkness, by S. Matthewman. Leeds: The Swan Press, 1922. 1*s.*

[*New Witness*]

This is a short book, but it has the mark of a graceful maturity. Mr. Matthewman handles the sober iambic metres with musical assurance: both his sonnets and his blank verse stand well finished and leave a pleasing echo in the mind. In fact, this poetry has the true quality of all good poetry, in that it produces echoes: the author says rather less than he means, and the mind of the reader is set brooding and meditating. The long poem on a modern theme, 'When You Are Out,' has already appeared in the *Chapbook*, and in its curious gravity and distilled sense of human values rather reminds one of the Unanimistes.

[A sonnet from this book appears on A Page of Verse.]

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

The London *Sunday Times* notes an interesting addition to the flood of Stevensoniana: 'We are promised a book of unusual interest. R. L. Stevenson's mother kept a diary in which she recorded his history as a baby, and it is to be published in facsimile in a limited edition of 500 copies.' The publishers are not named.

Marchant, Sir James (Editor). *The Coming Renaissance.* London: Kegan Paul and Co. A group of writers who include Lady Frances Balfour, Professor Patrick Geddes, and Professor J. Arthur Thomson write from various points of view, including those of workers in science, religion, politics, education, finance, and literature.

Meynell, Alice. *Collected Poems.* London: Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, 1923. A definitive edition, containing a good deal of later work that has not yet appeared in book form. The hitherto uncollected work will also be published separately as *Last Poems of Alice Meynell.*

Wright, F. A. *Feminism in Greek Literature.* London: George Routledge and Son, 1923. Advances the theory that most Greek writers were misogynists. Euripides, Plato, and Aristophanes are honorable exceptions.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Campbell, Ethel. *From a Durban Window.* Privately printed, 1922.

Ugarte, Manuel. *Mi Campaña Hispano-Americana.* Barcelona: Editorial Cervantes, 1922.

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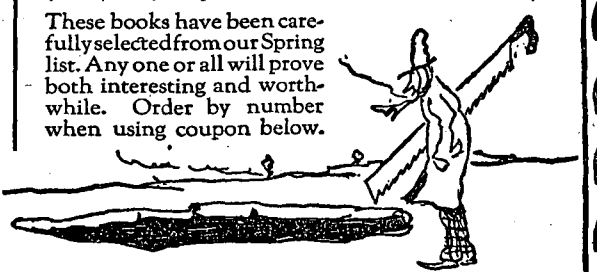

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